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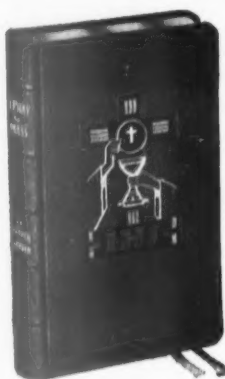


The Closed Shop

Yes or No?

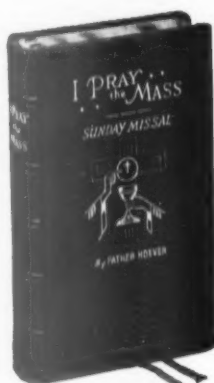
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Personal Mention

► Ann Su Cardwell, who gets out a fortnightly *Letter* and is the author of *Poland and Russia*, lived in Poland from 1922 to 1939, leaving there the day the Red Army invaded it. She has traveled extensively in most of the countries of Europe, including Russia, and is a trained research worker.

► Walter Fitzmaurice is assistant chief of the Washington Bureau of *Newsweek*. Born in Chicago, he was reared by his uncle, Monsignor Walter J. Fitzmaurice of Appleton, Wis., and educated at Jesuit schools. Of his twenty-three years in the news business, he spent five on the *Chicago Tribune*.

► Vincent W. Hartnett, writer and lecturer on Balkan and Middle Eastern affairs, was educated at Notre Dame. During the war he served as an officer in the highest levels of Naval Intelligence, including duty as specialist in Balkan and Middle Eastern business—a background which lends authority, though not the facts, for his present article.

► Helmut Koenig was born in Chicago and brought up in Europe. He played in bands through high school and the four years at Duke, taking bands to France and England during the summers. He joined the R.C.A.F. the week after graduation, transferred to the Marines in the fall of 1941 and saw Pacific duty at Guadalcanal, Bougainville, and as far north as Guam.

► Occupying the forum on the closed shop are two worthy contestants. Martin C. Kyne is Executive Secretary of the Retail, Wholesale, and Department Store Union, CIO; member of the Committee for Latin American Affairs, CIO; and is active in many societies. Godfrey P. Schmidt, a New York attorney who has specialized in labor law, was for five years counsel of the N.-Y. State Department of Labor and Deputy Industrial Commissioner.

► Bruce Marshall, author, public accountant, soldier in two world wars, convert to Catholicism, was educated at Edinburgh Academy, Glenalmond, and St. Andrew's. He lived in Paris from 1926 to 1940. Of his novels the two best loved in America are *Father Malachy's Miracle* and *The World, the Flesh, and Father Smith*.

THE SIGN



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Editorial

New Labor Laws

ONE of the tasks facing the new Congress will be to pass legislation to protect the public from the dire effects of a struggle between giant labor unions and mammoth corporations. Such legislation is widely considered a popular mandate of the November elections, and whatever doubt there was has been pretty well dissipated by John L. Lewis' action in calling a strike in defiance of the U. S. Government and of the public welfare.

Wealth and economic power carry with them social responsibility. For industrial and financial corporations these social responsibilities have been determined, to some extent at least, by legislation. There is no reason why trade unions should not be subjected to just and equitable laws guaranteeing that the rights of labor shall not be used in a way prejudicial to the public welfare.

At present it is within the power of many of the great industry-wide unions to paralyze the country's industry, commerce, and transportation; to inflict on innocent people suffering from cold and hunger; to damage public health and safety; and to throw millions out of work in industries not directly concerned with the strike. No organization has a moral right to this power and none can offer reasonable objection to laws which curtail it. In fact, any government which permits a group to exercise such power is remiss in the performance of its duty to protect and promote the public welfare.

THE experience of recent years has made it evident that voluntary methods such as mediation have failed and that in some circumstances compulsory methods must be employed. It is quite obvious that it will not be easy to write legislation that will protect the rights of unions, of management, and of the general public, and at the same time not give too much power into the hands of the Government. Formulation of such legislation will be a long and difficult task but there is no reason why a beginning should not be made.

Let us not be deceived into thinking, however, that legislation alone—without good will and trust between labor and management—is going to usher in an era of industrial peace. If the 80th Congress approaches its task in a vindictive, antilabor spirit, we may be headed for a period of industrial strife worse than any

the country has ever experienced. No legislative devices which are not acceptable to the more sane and social-minded leaders in the camps of both labor and industry are going to have a salutary effect.

Let Congress remember that in the history of American industrial relations, big business has seldom given the workingman even elementary justice except under constraint, and that the constraint used has necessarily been the strike. If in certain well-defined circumstances the right to strike is limited for the public welfare, then the rights of the laboring man must be protected in a most certain and adequate manner. Otherwise Congress will be unjustly depriving labor of the only effective weapon it has in negotiating with corporations which in the past have shown themselves utterly ruthless in dealing with unorganized employees and weak unions.

CONGRESS should beware of being stampeded by that vocal and hysterical segment of the public which in every crisis calls for more and more government regulation of both labor and management. At the end of that road lies complete government regimentation in the form of the totalitarian state. Government should be given only that amount of power in industrial disputes which is indispensable for protecting the public welfare and should be given that power only when voluntary means have failed. Any limitation of the right to strike should be made only when the public welfare is seriously threatened and even then only in the most clearly defined circumstances and with adequate provisions for safeguarding the rights of the union.

Let Congress remember that restrictive measures that revoke labor's just rights will push labor into the camp of the Communists. If labor haters among the Republicans and Democrats push Congress into passing antilabor legislation intended to emasculate the union movement, the Communists will argue plausibly that theirs is the only party defending the cause of the workingman.

Father Ralph Gorman, C.P.



Current FACT AND COMMENT

EDITORIALS

In Picture

And

In Print



By touching Sister's lips and tongue this little deaf boy learns to talk. With words he has never heard. Community chests help but only Christ's charity can inspire such work.



Reuther, Carey, and Murray, key figures in CIO's anti-Communist drive. CIO "resents" CP interference in union affairs. But the actual cleanup will take time and tact.

WE HAVE seldom, if ever, had occasion in these columns to praise the economic and social policies adopted by the National Association of Manufacturers and voiced by its various

Mr. Bunting Said a Mouthful

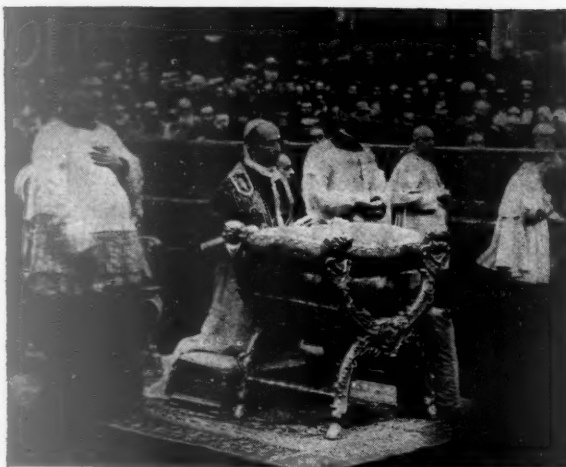
spokesmen. True, Mr. Ira Mosher, its board chairman, did come out for a guaranteed annual wage a few months ago, but it could hardly be said that his suggestion was greeted by a round of resounding applause from members of the association. And even though the programs outlined in NAM's December convention are supposed to be much liberalized and are being lauded by the pro-business press, we remain sceptical. In the face of past NAM performances we think this scepticism is healthy. It is not easy to forget the full-page ads that helped to wreck price control; the artificial shortages which occurred this time last year when some industrialists were less anxious to produce much-needed supplies than they were to collect rebates on excess profits taxation; the NAM's refusal in March, 1945, to back up the U.S. Chamber of Commerce's labor-management charter; the decade-old fight against all New Deal labor legislation; and the changelessly monotonous chorus on the cure-all effectiveness of management's one prescription for economic health: unrestricted free enterprise. Memories like these make it hard for us to imagine the NAM in the role of a gracious fairy godmother, sweet and demure and desperately anxious about making everyone comfortable. Nonetheless it was a refreshing experience last month to hear NAM's newly elected president, Mr. Earl Bunting, make one of the most sensible remarks we've heard about labor-management relations in a long while. Said Mr. Bunting: "Neither labor nor management exists in a vacuum; they co-exist in a society. And never must we in business, nor they in labor, forget that the public welfare must come first."

Mr. Bunting said a mouthful there, and we hope he gets the hearing he deserves—especially from the membership of his own NAM, which with characteristic self-righteousness might go on directing the full force of its powerful lobbies and all its costly propaganda toward correcting labor's faults instead of worrying about its own.

THE TROUBLE with both labor and management is that they think too much about freedom and too little about public welfare. And to make matters worse, there are some terribly

All in the Name of Freedom

misshapen notions of freedom floating around these days. Freedom doesn't mean the right to do as you please. It doesn't even mean the right to do as much as the law allows. Human laws are almost always imperfect; sometimes they are riddled with loopholes. In such cases, freedom doesn't mean the right to get away with as much antisocial activity as you can manage to pull off by artful manipulation of inadequate laws. Freedom means only one thing—the right to act as a human being. Consequently,



Pius XII venerates the newly sainted Marie Thérèse de Soubiran. Canonizing saints may not seem nearly so important as drawing boundaries or settling strikes. But it is.



The housing problem was solved for this couple of Lansing, Mich., by a steel cottage. Obsolete laws that forbid new construction materials are a main cause of home shortages.



Chiang Kai-shek at opening of National Assembly at Nanking. His announcement that he plans to retire didn't fit in with Communist propaganda. Commies voted unity.

it is designed to be a rather sobering endowment. It never entitles a man to pursue an inhuman, and therefore a bad, goal; it only gives him the right to choose from among many good means while pursuing always a reasonable end. The goal must always be worthy of man, otherwise freedom degenerates into the wanton self-assertiveness of a jungle.

So if big business went into a huff because it was saddled with price control when it wanted to stabilize its enormous profits and to pass on all added production costs to the public, it couldn't justifiably complain that it was being robbed of its freedom; price control was an effort (unhappily futile) to deprive big business only of the opportunity to abuse its freedom by insisting on what was unreasonable—and still is. If labor sent forth a woeful lamentation because it was faced with a governmental injunction when an immoral strike tied up a considerable portion of our economic life, it couldn't justifiably maintain that "yellow-dog" methods were destroying its freedom; it ought to have faced the fact that even the despised and often-misused injunction can sometimes be on the side of the angels and can save labor from the undignified fate of acting unreasonably, and therefore, unjustly.

Yet it is always in the name of freedom that both industrialists and labor leaders resent federal interference with the way they run their business. When big businessmen have their lobbyists fighting against an increase of minimum hourly wages or plugging for a sizable reduction in personal income taxes, it is always in the name of freedom. Even ugly sweatshops, inhuman speedups, and unfair wage bargaining are somehow transfigured by an aura of decency supposedly thrown around the most damnable things when they are done in freedom's name. When labor leaders are explaining away the injustices of mass picketing, whitewashing the intimidation tactics of an organizing drive, or extolling the reasonableness of an unnecessary strike—again it is always in the name of freedom.

All this is suicidal. The surest way to ruin real freedom and to invite unreasonable governmental control is for either labor or capital monopolies to go on ignoring the public welfare. For the public welfare just won't go on letting itself be ignored. It has a custodian shrewder than politicians, even when seemingly in slumber; and, when aroused, more eloquent than orators—a custodian called the voice of the people. That voice has its long silences; and sometimes it utters the muffled sounds of vague, indefinite opinion; but when it speaks decisively, there are few men in public life willing to ignore its verdict. Let them have, or imagine they have, a "mandate" from the people and a legislative splurge is in the offing. But a legislative splurge is not always the best way to preserve freedom. When too many laws try to substitute for self-imposed discipline, freedom becomes a shadowy phantom walking around without a soul.

A brew of malice, hypocrisy, ideological prejudice, and Communist hatred is at the fountain source of the concerted misinformation about Franco and his government with

The Lord Despises Hypocrisy

which Americans are being served in generous rations. The results are inevitable. Confusion. Ignorance. Puzzlement over why Franco should loom so important as a threat to world peace. To discredit him absolutely, to still any voices that might be inclined to call out for fair play, not the least insidious of the leftist devices is to proclaim as indisputable fact that Franco is a Fascist and that those who refuse to be stampeded into a blanket condemnation of him are rank reactionaries. You are not a true liberal, you are not progressive, you are not democratic, you are not an American unless you join in the vilification of the Caudillo who "usurped" the power of government in Spain, who "suppressed democracy" thanks to the

aid of Mussolini and Hitler, and who maintains his hold on an unhappy land only through "stifling the voice of the poor Spanish people."

This is hypocrisy at its worst. The diplomats who charge these things know that they are false. The American Government knows they are false. Dean Acheson and Senator Tom Connally certainly could and should know they are false, notwithstanding the representations of the Nation Associates, the Friends for Spanish Democracy, the thousands of identically worded telegrams sent to UN delegates, and all the leftist pressure groups that are swarming for the Spanish kill. Ignorance that cannot be helped is excusable. But the monotonous, solemn repetition of the party line in the face of known, demonstrable facts is nothing but Pharisaical maliciousness. And some of the strongest words the God-Man ever uttered were directed to hypocrites. He called them liars, whitened sepulchers lovely without but within full of dead men's bones and the putrescence of the grave. And He was never sued for libel. The Lord hates hypocrisy.

Any honest American who glories in his love for justice for all men hates hypocrisy too. It is high time Americans refused to have dust thrown in their eyes, least of all by spokesmen of their own Government. It is high time that the Government gave an account to us, the people, of the grounds on which it bases its policy of urging the people of a friendly nation with whom we have maintained diplomatic relations for the past seven years to overthrow its sovereign head. Does the Department of State really believe that if all the facts and nothing but the facts in regard to the Spanish Civil War, in regard to the record of Spanish neutrality during the late war, in regard to actual conditions in Spain today, in regard to the complexion and pedigree of the so-called Spanish Republican Government-in-exile, if all these were given in untarnished and unveneered simplicity to the American people, that they would even for one blundering moment tolerate the policy toward Spain that our representatives are pursuing in the halls of the United Nations?

If the State Department so believes, then let it put its belief to the test. It will be due for a shocking reprimand. For Americans, real Americans, who owe no allegiance to a foreign power, still love the homely virtue of justice. If the State Department does not believe its policy would be supported by the people once the facts were presented unadorned with the trimmings of leftist lies, then it is acting the role of a hypocrite. And the Lord hates hypocrisy.

Catholics, many of them of no mean intellectual stature, have been misled on the Franco question. So many lies have been printed and reprinted, so much misinformation

has been circulated over the airwaves, that in many cases the distorted data has led to distorted judgment. There are other Catholics, however, who

Is Dictatorship Always Wrong?

have uncritically accepted leftist evaluation of political theories, and with these erroneous suppositions as their groundwork have come to false conclusions. For example, take the leftist dictum, "Dictatorship is intrinsically evil." Grant that with no distinction, and you are logically forced to admit that Franco's regime is a dictatorship and that therefore Franco's regime is intrinsically evil. Or take the undemonstrated assertion, "Any form of government that is not democratic is evil in itself." Grant that, and you are forced to admit that Franco's government is not democratic and is therefore evil in itself.

We Americans are so imbued with the greatness of our own democracy that we are apt to opine that no other form of government is tolerable, let alone good. For such Catholics who may so think, it is well to recall that in Catholic political



A famous balcony. An unknown worker. A somber reminder of a forgotten man. Here Il Duce harangued Rome's citizens with fiery bombast. They deserve better leadership now.



He's holding an election ballot. It has only one list of candidates; it's pre-checked; and only friends of the regime received one. Free elections in "democratic" Rumania!



This miner's wife tried to stock up food in last month's disastrous coal strike. Some people talk as though labor enjoyed strikes. Chief burden falls on strikers' families.



The National Catholic Community Service, USO member, did a marvelous job during the war. The Army-Navy award being presented to Card Stritch, who accepted it for NCCS.



India's future depends largely on Moslem leader Ali Jinnah (first left) and Congress leader Nehru (first right). A meed of praise is due Britain for her efforts in the case.

thought down through the centuries no particular form of government has been canonized, no particular form condemned so long as the inviolable dignity and prerogatives of the individual citizens have been preserved.

Dictatorship is not in itself wrong. Only that form of dictator is evil who arrogates to himself the position of being the source of those rights we call inalienable, who usurps to himself the power to abrogate the rights to life, liberty, property, and the other basic freedoms. Hitler was that kind of dictator; Stalin is. However, a dictatorship that recognizes a law above the state, a society, which we call religion, that transcends the state, a fortress of right within each individual that cannot be battered down, is not evil in itself. Franco is that sort of dictator. So is Salazar in Portugal. So in a kindred sense is the British Parliament.

The former sort of dictatorship is properly called totalitarian in that it refuses to recognize that man's natural rights are antecedent to and independent of the state. The latter sort of dictatorship is properly called authoritarian. We in a democracy may or may not like it, but we cannot condemn it for what it is. For neither the parliamentary nor congressional form of legislature is of such imperative nature that its absence demonstrates that the consent of the governed is absent too.

It is well to re-examine basic tenets of political science before hopping on the bandwagon chorusing for any government's downfall or before being maneuvered into granting a conclusion when assent should never have been given the premises.

From mail that comes to this editorial office it seems that many misapprehend the stand THE SIGN has taken on the bitterly disputed question of Franco. Some even prefer to

What Think You Of Franco?

think that we are champions of his every cause, sort of Falangists in exile. Our position is rather simple and, we like to think, logical. Franco's type of authoritarian government is by no means evil in itself. It is not a Fascist dictatorship. If it must be condemned, then other reasons must be advanced. It came into power with the consent of the majority of the Spanish people—certainly the Spanish Civil War proved that to all but the Loyalists who so wantonly, brutally forfeited a sacred trust. Its record is one of friendliness to the United States in spite of much provocation. If it was hostile to our ally, the Soviet, in the recent war, the impartial mind will perceive ample grounds why this should have been so. Its internal troubles are much more economic than political. Its citizens, even those with whom the regime is unpopular, resent long-distance advice from Lake Success, Downing Street, Warsaw, or Washington. Its errors, and there have been serious errors, are to be condemned—just as the serious errors the United States has made are to be condemned.

But we submit, justice demands that interference with the internal affairs of Spain be discontinued at once; that the complete truth be told and nothing but the truth; that Communist-inspired hatred be unmasked for what it is; that whether and when Franco steps down be left to the Spaniards in Spain; that this nation, which suffered first from Moscow's desire for "friendly and independent" countries in Europe, be admitted immediately to the family of nations; that hypocritical doubletalk cease in this country's official attitude toward a sovereign nation.

If there be those who conceive this to be a reactionary espousal of Franco right or wrong, then surely we can be excused if we raise our eyebrows ever so slightly when these same crusaders for democracy murmur no protest over Tito in Yugoslavia, Groza in Rumania, Hoxha in Albania, Dimitrov in Bulgaria. And of course Stalin in Russia. If this be reactionary, then we fear we must confess to the virtue.

McCormick and His Tribune

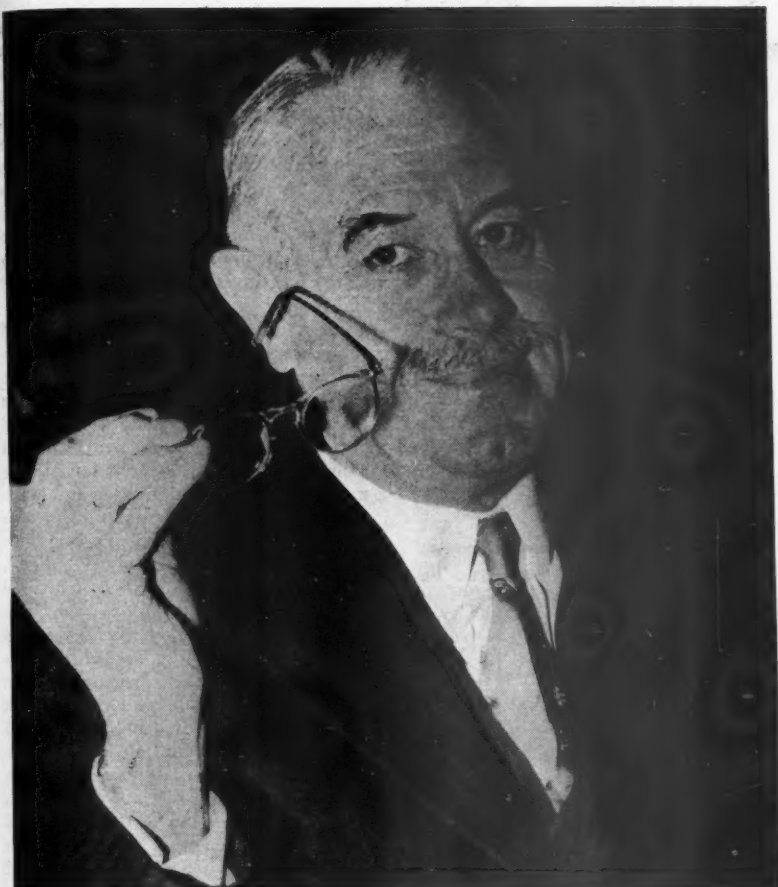
By WALTER FITZMAURICE

The Colonel calls the Tribune the world's greatest newspaper. His enemies use other adjectives to describe it

editors, surmising that this acrid judgment signified a revival of the Colonel's prewar isolationism, sent one of its Washington correspondents, Felix Belair, to Chicago. The Colonel received him cordially and spoke a mouthful.

The results of the last two presidential elections, he explained, were fore-ordained. The "money mad" eastern bankers had rigged the outcome; they wanted to "preserve British imperialism," and Roosevelt was their man who would do it. So, they had the Republicans put up Willkie in 1940 and Dewey in 1944, as the men Roosevelt was sure to beat. The Colonel said that he had done the best he could for the Republicans in the circumstances, "but all I could give them was a Republican governor in Illinois [Dwight H. Green] and a Republican senator from Illinois [C. Wayland Brooks]." Evidently mindful of those fifty-eight Illinois votes, and apparently expecting to pick up others between now and the convention, he indicated he expected to do much better next time. He told Belair just where he stood on the Republican aspirants: Stassen: "He's no Republican, never was"; Dewey: "He's no American, he's a New Yorker"; Taft: "Good man . . . no personality . . . but has a good name"; Gov. Warren of California: "I want to meet that young fellow."

Belair published it all (about four



International

Col. Robert R. McCormick, one of the most loved and hated American publishers

COL. Robert Rutherford McCormick's first radio speech ended with an unplanned climax. He was bowing to the applause at a Chicago civic banquet when a newsman rushed up.

"Are you all right?"

"Certainly. Why?"

"My city editor dialed WGN to listen to your speech. He heard that thump, then the long silence. I guess he thought that you had dropped dead. . . . become ill. Anyway, he told me to get right over here."

The Colonel, as the story goes, gave the reporter a frosty stare.

"You're the *Herald-Examiner*, I suppose?"

"That's right."

"Humph! Well, go back and tell your city editor that the publisher of the *Tribune*—and his newspaper—are in the best of health."

The *Tribune* may have been in good health at the time, but Hearst's *Herald-Examiner* was offering lusty competition. The paper no longer troubles the Colonel, Hearst's bankers having killed it off when they controlled his empire. The *Tribune*, to the chagrin of many

Chicagoans, is in better health than ever.

Notwithstanding the maledictions heaped upon it (McCormick would say because of them), it sells a million copies daily and earns above five million dollars a year. While its present morning competitor, the *Chicago Sun*, has had to cut expenses, the *Tribune* has announced salary increases.

Publisher McCormick, now in his sixty-seventh year, has also become a practical politician of sorts, having been formally elevated to boss of the Illinois Republican organization last summer and assured control of the state's fifty-eight votes in the 1948 G.O.P. national convention. Shortly after he took the leadership, the *Tribune* published a series of articles on the New York City newspapers which, after reviewing their policies and ownership, concluded a number were subservient to Britain, others to Russia. The *New York Times*

The News You Get -- III

columns), and the Colonel turned his attention to the congressional elections, then two months off. Illinois Democrats chortled when the *Tribune* declared Roosevelt's "betrayal" of the country at Pearl Harbor was the issue, but they began to worry when the meat shortage became acute. The Republicans made an almost clean sweep in Illinois, and the Colonel, through the *Tribune* and WGN, has since been sawing planks for an isolationist platform in 1948.

He still achieves climaxes, startling but not so unintentional as the one back in the twenties. Then, he had become thirsty in the middle of his speech, reached for a glass of water, and bumped the microphone, leaving the radio audience to wonder what was happening while he drank and calling forth the disconcerting display of Hearst enterprise. Now, it is he who disconcerts.

NOT long ago, over WGN and a hook-up of Mutual stations, he rose to speak on the delicate question of the mandated Pacific islands. The *Tribune* correspondent at the United Nations assembly meeting had previously reported that under President Truman's plan, the islands would be put under a United Nations trusteeship, but with the United States as sole trustee, installing military bases where it pleased and controlling them completely. The *Tribune*, through a cartoon splashed on its front page at McCormick's order, corrected its reporter. The cartoon depicted Uncle Sam hoisting the Stars and Stripes over bloody Iwo Jima and wrathfully asking who "dared" to propose "giving away" the Pacific islands.

With skillful rhetoric, McCormick named all the islands taken by American troops, the regiments which took them, their losses, their heroism, the states from which they came. Then, solemnly, in his incongruous British accent, he made his point: "I have never before made a request of my audience. Tonight, I do. All who agree with me that these islands, won at such frightful cost, should not be given away, please write to me."

The Colonel said nothing about who would get the islands. *Tribune* readers who believe its editorials already had the answer. Weren't the rascally Russians or, as more often happened, the beastly British always trying to snatch something from Uncle Sam, and wasn't the Administration in Washington using UN to abet them? Letters approving the Colonel's speech poured in and were published by the *Tribune*.

But factual developments at Lake Success overtook the Colonel's fantastic thesis. The *Tribune* correspondent was obliged regretfully to report that the "gift" when presented, was cold-shouldered by Russia. The paper explained

the ingratitude with a snorting editorial: "The Russians never say yes to anything, if for no better reason than they hope thus to get more concessions. The only way to end this tomfoolery is to withdraw the trusteeship offer now and tell the world we have the bases and intend to keep them."

This was sound—as far as it went—except for the two words, "now" and "tomfoolery." Secretary Byrnes, who knows better than Col. McCormick how hard and tricky the Russians are as traders, intended to withdraw the offer if the Russians or anyone else tried to modify the terms which assured our security. But if it were withdrawn "now," that being before Russia gave a definite yes or no, Uncle Sam would have given the UN one black eye and provided Russia an excuse to black the other one. As usual, the *Tribune* was engaging in

~~~~~  
▶ When a diplomat says yes, he means perhaps; when he says perhaps, he means no; when he says no, he is no diplomat.  
~~~~~

—ANON.

tomfoolery and pointing an accusing finger elsewhere.

An adversary who called McCormick the "greatest mind of the fourteenth century" should, at least, have put him on this side of the Reformation; the truculent Colonel would not have felt at home in the tranquil centuries that preceded it. His cousin, Joseph M. Patterson, late publisher of the *New York News*, speaking of himself, his sister, and McCormick, applied a more apt epithet, "the isolationist furies." Even this does not wholly explain the Chicagoan's attitude toward the internationalist, Roosevelt, for the *Tribune* opposed his domestic policies with equal fury. Whatever McCormick's personal feelings, there is no mystery or paradox about the success of his paper. Now in its hundredth year, the *Tribune* has been preaching contention and promoting political conflict all its life and finding it highly profitable.

Robert S. McCormick was born July 30, 1880, on North Wabash Avenue, a street which has lost its fashionable gloss along with its original fragrant name, Pine Street. He is the son of two first families. His father was the diplomat, Robert S. McCormick, a nephew of the harvester king, Cyrus H. McCormick. His mother was a Medill, daughter of old Joe, who bought into the *Tribune* in its seventh year, made it a truculent, violently partisan Republican organ, and left directions for its operation which are engraved today in gold letters in the lobby of Tribune Tower.

Bertie's mother traveled with his

father on his diplomatic missions, leaving him first in English preparatory schools and then Groton. Roosevelt, who enrolled there two years after Bertie, once remarked, with the humor McCormick lacks, that he could not be held responsible for his fellow Grotie's education. The youngster spent many vacations with his grandfather and was made closer to the *Tribune* than the harvester connection by reason of a McCormick family difference as to whether Cyrus had invented or merely patented the reaper.

From the shack where it began and the succession of larger buildings it required under Medill's prospering editorship, the *Tribune* trumpeted a manifest destiny: The unploughed West would become the heart of the continent and Chicago the world's greatest city. It editorialized its news, advocating the horse-whip for thieves, the rock pile for wife beaters, and the lynching of labor agitators. The death of Gov. John P. Altgeld, who pardoned the anarchists convicted in the Haymarket without evidence that they were near the scene, was hastened by the *Tribune's* abuse, according to his biographers. On the constructive side, it supported Lincoln valiantly against the city's Civil War copperheads and countered the despair left by the Chicago fire with editorials breathing faith and courage. After the city was rebuilt, it helped repeal a law of nature, Medill having sponsored the ditching which made the Chicago River flow backward into the hinterlands with the city's sewage. Years later, the Lake states got the Supreme Court to intervene and stop the practice lest their ports be left high and dry.

MCCORMICK meantime was at Yale, Northwestern, then in the Chicago city council, shaping a political career. But in 1910, when other *Tribune* stockholders proposed selling it to a syndicate, he and Patterson got proxies and control. Bertie, in a frock coat, informed the decisive meeting the two were taking over.

The editorial page, whose control they agreed to alternate, developed schizophrenia: Patterson, then a Socialist, urging radical measures one month; McCormick, conservative ones the next. Otherwise, the team worked well. Patterson developed Moon Mullins, Orphan Annie, and the Gumps, which still lure pennies from many who fume at *Tribune* editorials. McCormick leased timberlands and built paper mills which cut newsprint costs. But during service in World War I, they dissolved the partnership, Patterson going to New York while McCormick, finding all Democrats buried in the Harding landslide, applied a *Tribune* cleansing to the Republican Party by having it file

lawsuits against Gov. Len Small and Mayor William Hale Thompson. The paper damned prohibition and deplored crime, then to McCormick's consternation found itself compromised.

Alfred (Jake) Lingle, *Tribune* crime reporter, went to his grave with the paper's eulogies and its offer of a \$25,000 reward for his slayer's conviction. The other Chicago papers accepted the martyred reporter myth until the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* disclosed that Lingle lived beyond his means, apparently with the knowledge of his editors. Thereupon, at a prod from Hearst, the *Herald-Examiner* opened up. "Who Killed Jake Lingle and Why?" it asked in 120-point type over a story demanding that *Tribune* executives tell the grand jury what they knew.

It was a confused and troubled staff which McCormick summoned after the same headline had appeared a second consecutive day. The publisher, riding crop in hand, one booted leg swinging negligently from the desk on which he perched, scanned the group, asked a lone girl reporter to leave, then, as casually as if he were discussing the previous day's hunt at Meadowbrook, laid down a policy. About Lingle he knew nothing, but he intended to learn and expose all, let the chips fall where they might. Meantime, the *Tribune* would go on as usual. To anyone questioning its morals, it would reply as a British duchess had to a gossip who had questioned hers: "Nothing a street walker may say about a woman can slander her, if she is a lady." The *Tribune*, he affirmed, was a lady.

The paper's tactics from there on, though hardly ladylike, were highly effective to its own interest and disconcerting to those of its rivals. The Hearst papers dredged up evidence that Lingle was indeed a racketeer. But this did not enable them to prevent the appointment of a member of McCormick's former law firm in charge of a special grand jury convened to investigate the Lingle case. Nor could they do anything but squirm over the stories which began appearing in the *Post-Dispatch's* rival, the *St. Louis Star-Times*. These, written after the *Star-Times* reporter held long conferences in Tribune Tower, and coyly reprinted by the *Tribune* on its inside pages, named men from other Chicago papers who, innocently or otherwise, had consorted with gangsters. When, at last, the grand jury convened amidst a welter of charges and countercharges, Chicagoans could only conclude that if the *Tribune* were compromised, other papers might have been too.

In the 1928 campaign, the *Tribune* gave Al Smith the same space as Hoover in its news columns, but, despite the latter's straddle on prohibition repeal,

supported him on its editorial page. It amused Chicago with its annual boxing tournament, silver skates derby, and music festival and brought the Army-Navy football game to the city one year. But after the 1929 market crash, McCormick ordered the *Tribune* to call the unemployed the "idle." Those who sold apples on street corners, he praised as "the salt of the earth."

The New Deal's relief and public works programs were "federal easy money," and the *Tribune* clamored that Chicago must have its share. It represented the NRA and other New Deal agencies, designed to balance the economy, as the devices of the Administration's "parlor pinks" to impose an "alien system." McCormick opposed the Wagner Labor Act, but less bitterly than some other measures. Despite the publisher's present charge that the CIO-PAC is the "Communist" grip on the Democratic Party, the *Tribune* has not

opposed unions as such. Its own mechanical departments are unionized by the AFL, and it has never had a strike.

As war threatened in Europe, the *Tribune's* attacks grew sharper. When the conflict began, it predicted Roosevelt's diplomacy would involve the United States. It called lend-lease a "dictator" bill.

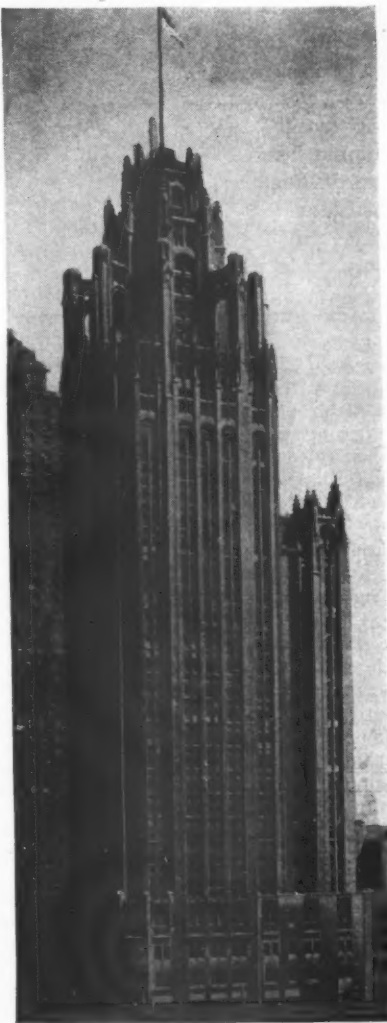
Liberal Chicagoans thought that with Pearl Harbor the attacks would cease, and for a time they did. While fighting lend-lease as a war provocation, McCormick had also opposed the draft on the somewhat contradictory thesis that the country was invulnerable. Two months before the Japs struck, the *Tribune* declared an assault on Hawaii a "military impossibility," and when the disaster came, promised that "there will be no recriminations, at least by us." *Tribune* correspondents were dispatched to the training camps and battle fronts to get the Chicago angle. *Tribune* war correspondents became noted for their question: "Any Chicagoans in this bunch?" and GIs benefited from its "Smokes for Yanks" campaign.

But even in wartime, McCormick could not forget his definition of a newspaper's function: "to present the news . . . lead and inform public opinion, and furnish checks on government." Before long he decided that the strategy was wrong: take Japan first, Europe later, was the way to victory, the *Tribune* decreed. To gain sympathy for MacArthur, it boxed in black lines of mourning its editorial on the fall of Bataan. But its correspondent, Stanley Johnston, published a report on the Battle of Midway which, had the Japs read it, would have told them our Navy had broken their battle code. The Justice Department summoned McCormick before a federal grand jury, but when that body called for the evidence, the Navy refused to comply, fearing that further publicity would prompt the Japs to comb *Tribune* files, discover the situation, and change the code.

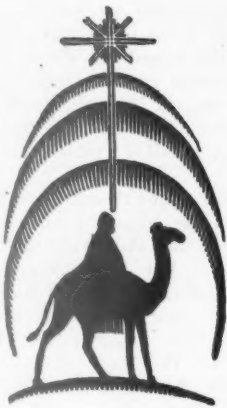
While calling orders to the fronts from Tribune Tower, McCormick advised those opposing him to get into the fight. A *Tribune* editorial told the *Sun's* publisher, Marshall Field, a combat veteran of the first World War, that he wasn't too old to enroll in this one (Field was fifty at the time). Field did not reply.

With victory, *Tribune* advertising and circulation went up, permitting McCormick, the day after the *Sun* disclosed its payroll cut, to crow that his paper was at the apex of its career. The editors and writers who market McCormick's ideas could agree, since their salaries, which McCormick boosted, were already the highest in Chicago. Who are these men?

The Managing Editor, J. Loy Ma-



The Tribune Tower, headquarters of "the world's greatest newspaper"



"FROM NEGLECT OF THY INSPIRATIONS"—

(An Unwise Man Speaks)

By Sr. Mary of the Visitation

I, too, beheld the Star as well as they;
But I was not quite ready then to go.
Well, I could follow in an hour or so
And surely overtake them on the way.
I never dreamed that such a brief delay
Could work me so much hindrance. Long and slow
My journey, for I wandered to and fro
Seeking the Star. Somewhere I went astray.
I tried another road—to no avail:
I neither met the others coming back,
Nor overtook them in my tardy haste.
Pity me, God! It is the light I lack.
Give me the Star, lest finally I fail
And all my precious treasure go to waste.

loney, a small-town boy, with a Dartmouth and Columbia polish and the hardening of combat service in the first World War, served a \$10-a-week apprenticeship on the *Chicago City News Bureau*, and from there went straight to the *Tribune*. His coverage of the City Hall and County Building won him the confidence of his superiors and promotion to assistant city editor. There, he handed out assignments but, more important to his career, also handled McCormick's testy instructions, complaints, and rebukes on the news coverage. This experience, while grueling at times, had its reward; he learned to know McCormick's erratic ways. That knowledge, plus drive and energy, now earns him in excess of \$50,000 a year.

In about the same salary bracket is Arthur Sears Henning, a *Tribune* man for forty-seven years and its Washington bureau chief for thirty-six. His Normandy-style mansion overlooking Rock Creek Park is a rendezvous for Republicans, Army brass, and Navy braid.

An amiable gray man in his seventy-first year, whose smiling face contrasts with his acrid pen, Henning of late years has left spot news reporting to

his staff. All are skilled in the *Tribune's* pressure techniques, having trained on Chicago politicians before transfer to Washington. Their colleagues concede their energy and aggressiveness but do not emulate their tactics. A front-page scoop in the *New York Times* will send the press associations scurrying for confirmation, but a *Tribune* exclusive is apt to be shrugged off as just another "smear job."

Like the Washington staff, the editorial writers are mostly recruits from the reportorial staff, Chicagoans or Midwesterners all, excepting the chief, Clifford Raymond, a Pennsylvanian who finished at Harvard. He and the others take their line from the Colonel himself, by terse telegrams when he is traveling, or, as is more usual, at a daily conference in his walnut paneled office with concealed doors on the twenty-fourth floor of Tribune Tower. Capable of writing temperate and well-reasoned arguments on issues over which the Colonel is not inflamed, they draw salaries reported to range from \$15,000 to \$35,000.

What, then, of the men at the base of this editorial monolith, the local reporting staff? Many were under the

Tribune's influence before they joined it, coming in from the *City News Bureau*, in which it owns a substantial interest, or as honor graduates from the Medill School of Journalism, which the paper endowed at Northwestern University. They retain and deepen their original *Tribune* impress or in time leave the paper. For those who stay adjusted, and endure, there are salaries above average, Christmas bonuses, free medical care, etc.—a paternalistic armor which the American Newspaper Guild has never been able to penetrate. Of the few bold souls who carry Guild cards, one, Virginia Gardiner, went to the opposite pole and is now Washington correspondent of the Communist *New Masses*.

There remains one exhibit on the Colonel, a letter he wrote another former employee who, during the war, chided him for his policies. It follows: "Thank you for your very temperate letter.

"What the most powerful propaganda organization in the world has misled you into believing was a campaign of hatred, has really been a constructive campaign without which this country would be lost.

"You do not know it, but the fact is that I introduced the R.O.T.C. into the schools; that I introduced machine guns into the Army; that I introduced mechanization; I introduced automatic rifles. I was the first ground officer to go up in the air and observe artillery fire. Now I have succeeded in making that the regular practice in the Army. I was the first to advocate an alliance with Canada. I forced the acquiring of the bases in the Atlantic ocean.

"On the other hand, I was unsuccessful in obtaining the fortification of Guam; in preventing the division of the Navy into two oceans. I was unable to persuade the Navy and the administration that airplanes could destroy battleships.

"I did get the marines out of Shanghai but was unsuccessful in trying to get the Army out of the Philippines.

"Campaigns such as I have carried on inevitably meet resistance, and great persistence is necessary to achieve results. The opposition resorts to such tactics as charging me with hatred and so forth, but in view of the accomplishment I can bear up under it."

The Democrats dug up *Tribune* editorials in which McCormick had opposed some of the measures he claimed to have conceived. Though their use of the letter against him in November did not prevent a Republican sweep, they intend to use it again in the Chicago elections this Spring. In the *Chicago Daily News*, where it first appeared, it was captioned: "Whatta Man!"



Devout Poles hold to their faith in spite of vicious Communist attacks International



Cardinal Hlond, intrepid champion of the Faith Press Association

The Church in Poland

By ANN SU CARDWELL

IN the Poland of today, under the heel of the so-called Polish Provisional Government, in reality a Soviet-imposed Communist group, the regime's struggle with the Roman Catholic Church is under way. Although the policy is not yet clearly defined, the steps taken both in matters concerning the Church and the clergy, and in fields where the Church is indirectly interested, indicate the trend and the final goal. Since the battle lines are drawn between Communism and Christianity, there can be only one outcome if the present regime, through the impending "elections," is firmly established in power.

Direct action against the Church and clergy has been going on with increasing vigor for many months. The government-controlled press has been persistent in its attacks upon the Vatican and Cardinal Hlond in particular, and upon the Church in general. Priests have been arrested, imprisoned, murdered. The charges usually are based on help given resistance movements—"bandits," the regime calls them. Recent cables report the trial of priests on such trumped-up charges, with the death sentence passed.

The religious press has been greatly restricted; it receives only 3 per cent of the newsprint allotment, although it would normally be read by 90 per cent of the population. The Church is not permitted to publish a daily paper, and its weeklies and monthlies

must not touch upon certain subjects. Pastoral letters are not published until after considerable delay and then only in part. Copies of all sermons must be submitted for the censor's approval, and when the sermon is delivered a member of the security police is present with a copy as approved, and this he follows to see that the priest does not deviate one iota from that copy.

The Church, through the religious, no longer may work in the hospitals. The chaplains in Zymierski's "Polish" Army are in many instances not priests at all, not having been ordained, but men chosen because they can be trusted by the Communists to pose as priests while at the same time carrying on an insidious antireligious propaganda.

While in certain districts, that of Krakow for example, where Cardinal Sapieha's popularity makes it dangerous for the Government to take too strong measures, the Church has heretofore had much greater liberty of action than it has had in Warsaw and other centers. Yet, in general, the remark made by Cardinal Hlond in an interview to the effect that the Polish regime's conception of religious freedom is comparable to its conception of democracy and

that its expression in practice is similar, holds good for all Poland today.

Since the population of Poland is overwhelmingly Catholic—the published figures put it at 97 per cent—the regime has not been agreed on the advisability of coming into direct clash with the Church. The more moderate members of the Government have advocated a policy of restrictions with a certain amount of conciliation while at the same time conducting an intensive and widespread education of youth in Communist ideology, in the expectation that in a few years their undermining of Christian principles and morality would have proceeded so far that a strong Communist minority in control of the Government would have the Church completely at its mercy. Hence, on various occasions, government officials have appeared with the clergy. Such apparent conciliation has been consistently opposed by the militant Communists in the regime and has been accepted only for the reason that they have wished to win over the peasants—who are 100 per cent Catholic—to their support.

Probably the strongest emphasis in this struggle with the Church is placed on education. As with the Nazis, so with the Communists, youth plays an enormously important role. The school system has been recast to fit Communist ideology. To do that, attendance in classes on religion in the schools was removed from the obligatory list; chil-

By every means in its power, the puppet regime in Poland is attempting to destroy the Catholic Church

dren may attend them if parents wish and are willing to run the risk. As for the general program, these sentences written by a woman teacher of long experience are enlightening: "... in reading exercises for the third grade there are passages about agrarian reform, about the new democracy, about political duties, which cannot be understood by a small child. On the other hand, there is nothing about God, about religion, about morality, which teaching, for the good of future generations, should be inculcated in young minds if Poland is to be an honest and just nation, respecting veracity. . . . The textbooks are forced upon us and the carrying out of the unchristian educational reforms is enforced by special 'official' commissions and police institutions."

A YOUTH organization called "Association of Fighting Youth," referred to as ZWM, corresponds to the Komsomols in the USSR. It is the announced purpose of the leaders of this organization to bring into it all Polish young people, and its members are instructed to infiltrate into other youth organizations and, pursuing the usual Communist tactics, win control there.

The universities are crowded with students, but for some time the government press has been accusing both professors and students of being "reactionary." A cleansing of these institutions of that element is already in progress, such cleansing consisting of the removal of persons who refuse to accept Communist direction.

Accompanying this fight against all those who hold Christian ideals is the propagation of atheism, instanced by the call issued by the Department of Religious Cults in the Ministry of Education to all atheists to register with the Atheist Union which, it is interesting to note, enjoys special privileges. The regime also makes it part of its policy to encourage any sect or organization which in any way competes with the Catholic Church. These sects, few in number and insignificant in their membership compared with the population as a whole, have in some instances received encouragement out of all proportion to their importance.

The regime has striven from the first to make the clergy, and through them the Church, unpopular with the people. It gave the clergy first category ration cards—something highly desirable in hungry Poland but which only the privileged get; and while confiscating private property on every hand, left the estates of the Church untouched. It is reported that many of the priests are now in favor of turning over Church holdings to the State, not because they are pro-regime but because they believe

that as the situation now stands it is wiser that the Church share the dismal fate of the general population.

Cardinal Hlond's Pastoral Letter concerning the January elections, which was read in all Polish Catholic churches October 20, contains much information about the religious situation in Poland provided one knows how to read between the lines. Before looking at it, however, it is well to note that this letter was circulated privately among the clergy for six weeks before the day on which it was read; that publication in its original form in the Polish press was strictly forbidden by the Polish censors; that it was not allowed in the mails; and that the full text only recently arrived in this country.

There is reference to the "*shadow*" (*italics ours*) of the coming elections, which indicates the danger inherent in them. The regime has been warning the Church that it must keep out of politics. The Letter says, "The Church has the right and the obligation to teach the faithful about duties imposed by the Gospel in the words:

► You can't climb the ladder to success with cold feet.

—ST. LOUIS STAR-TIMES

render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's and to God those that are God's' . . ."

The recently announced election ordinances make it possible for the regime to prevent anyone in opposition from voting. The reign of terror and extermination that has been conducted for some time grows in violence. The Letter says: "For democratic organization consists in calling *all* (*italics ours*) the citizens to take part in governing the country. . . ." Further on, in considering the duties of Catholics in public life, it continues: "Political life is one of the most important forms of temporal life. . . . It must be directed by good men. . . . Morality is the basis of political life. . . . Only those who respect morality can demand power. . . . Every Catholic has the duty to know the political life of his country, and to take a lively interest in it."

Then follows an eight-point conclusion on the Catholic's electoral duties: in sum, Catholics may not belong to organizations whose aim is to undermine Christian ethics; may not vote for candidates or programs opposed to Catholic morality and teaching; should vote in this election, for by so doing they will promote good and prevent evil.

It is hardly necessary to explain that the entire Letter is directed against the present regime and Communism.

Were there any doubt, the closing paragraphs would dispose of it. "Two tendencies toward transformation," begins one of them, "are at present shaping themselves: one seeks to build the life of the country on solid Christian foundations; the other seeks deliverance for the world in the omnipotence of a godless and materialistic State. . . . Which will win? Everyone is asking this. . . . Although some of them (modern states) call themselves democratic . . . they do not recognize any force besides themselves, even the voice of the people, nor even any moral authority, even that of God. Some states seek to push religion aside from any influence upon public life . . . seeking to enclose the Church within the four walls of the temples. (*italics ours*).

"These attempts are contrary to the teaching of the Church, as is everything that derives from them . . ." and the exclusion of religious influence from public life, the army, prisons, hospitals, and the attempt to exclude it from the schools are mentioned. Then follows a significant passage: "Separating themselves from religion and the Church, modern states do not cease to interfere in purely religious matters; they lay down laws concerning the rights of the Church and the truths and dogmas of the Faith and Christian morality, entirely without the knowledge of the Church and behind her back."

Since only one political party in the opposition—the Polish Peasant Party—is permitted to exist, manifestly the Pastoral Letter tells Catholics to vote for that party. The leadership of the party which represented the Church element, the Labor Party, was not long since taken out of the hands of the true representatives and given to a Communist-controlled group. One of the outstanding members of the original Labor Party was Msgr. Kaczynski, widely known in America, who went from London to become a member of the National Council under the present regime. Naturally he has been expelled from the fraudulent body now posing as the Labor Party.

MATTERS are developing rapidly in this battle between Church and puppet regime in Poland, but the news in the daily dispatches will only be an unfolding of the basic situation as here presented. Those who believe in the ultimate triumph of the Church will realize the strength, the determination, and the evil purposes of the present Polish regime in relation to the faith of our fathers, conscious of the fact that this is happening not in a country where the Catholic Church is a weak minority, but in a land in which it embraces practically the entire population.



Miss Condon as Penny Sycamore in "You Can't Take It With You"

Crusader in Greasepaint

By JERRY COTTER

Her success on the stage and in radio is only part of the life story of versatile Eva Condon

"I GIGGLED myself right into the theater," declares Eva Condon whenever she takes the time to reminisce on her highly successful and exciting years behind the footlights.

However, with stage work, busy hours in the radio and television studios, a home to manage, untiring efforts in behalf of the organizations and friends in which she is interested, and a long-time hobby as a "clip artist," she rarely relaxes long enough to discuss the past.

"Though I had dreamed of being an actress since I was old enough to know what a theater is, my parents had other plans for me," Miss Condon says. "I was to be either a lawyer or a school-teacher. I was the latter—for one whole term!

"Upon graduating from college I was given my first teaching job—in a school on New York's lower East Side. I was only a few years older than some of the—shall I say mischievous?—boys who were my pupils. Furthermore, I was at that stage where all they had to do was point a finger at me and I would giggle. It didn't take them long to discover that, either. A few months later, on the brink of a nervous breakdown, I retired from the teaching profession."

The classroom's loss hasn't seriously affected New York's educational system, but it did give the acting profession one of its most charming ladies and capable members.

It required a lot of convincing before

her mother and father agreed to let her try the stage. "But," the veteran actress continues, "I managed it and started out as understudy to Mary Boland, who was John Drew's leading lady. The play was Somerset Maugham's *Smith*. Unlike those Grade B movies, I never did get the opportunity to play the role. Miss Boland was consistently healthy and always on time. But it was a beginning and I haven't missed a season since. I've loved every minute of it—even the bad ones."

Judged by the record, there haven't been too many bad or dull stretches in the career of the versatile, vivacious lady whose many appearances include roles in three Pulitzer Prize winners and on countless radio programs of the past decade.

Aside from the success she has achieved in her work, the merry-faced, titian-haired Miss Condon is unique in many respects. She is not only aware of the existence of a world beyond the glow of the footlights but is actively engaged in doing what she can to make it a little better, a little easier for the less fortunate and the young folk just starting out. Though it is mighty easy to forget basic values and lose sight of spiritual goals in the tinselly excitement of theatrical life, Eva Condon has not only maintained an even keel herself, but is a tireless crusader in the cause of Catholic Action.

In private life the wife of Wall

Streeter Norton LeBourveau, she lives in a Long Island apartment not far from Radio City studios where much of her acting is done these days. Friends find it a happy home where the art of conversation flourishes and is not confined, as is so often the case, to matters theatrical. Spiritual, political, and economic topics find animated and intelligent discussion in the LeBourveau menage.

Though her spare moments are few, Eva manages to make them count. Member of the Executive Board of the Catholic Actors Guild for three years, she is not now an office holder, but remains one of its indefatigable workers. Many of the Guild's membership were originally signed up through her efforts, for she corrals every Catholic actor she encounters for this worthy organization.

Interested not only in the welfare and growth of the Guild itself, she is most anxious to assist young players just beginning stage careers. Well aware of the difficulties they will encounter, she strives continually to help them over the early rough spots with advice, aid, and encouragement.

For some time she was on the United Catholic Organizations Press Relations Committee, a group formed to correct erroneous statements in the press on Catholic matters. Its members checked papers, magazines, and books for mis-statements and falsifications in stories dealing with the Church and its activi-

ties. This work tied in closely with the hobby which occupies most of her spare hours. It is a pastime rather typical of her entire life, for while it proves an invaluable aid to her many friends, it is little more than a chore for herself. "Not to mention what it must do to my husband's patience," she says.

Eva is, as we stated before, a "clip artist." Each week she scans a mountain of papers, magazines, and pamphlets microscopically and then carefully clips any item, article, or photograph which she feels may be of interest or help to her acquaintances. As one who has been on the receiving end of this Condon hobby, the writer can readily testify to its value.

"But it doesn't add to my enjoyment of the evening paper, unless I get it first," chimed in her spouse with a grin.

Born in Washington, D.C., daughter of Sarah Quinn Condon and Edward O'Meagher Condon, Eva attended Holy Cross Academy and Hunter College in New York City. Her father, a famous figure in Irish-American circles, was an architect and the author of *The Irish Race in America*. His work in the cause of Irish freedom still brings a sparkle to the eyes of Eire's patriots.

In the past few years Eva has been much in demand by the radio producers. On the air she has originated the role of "Aunt Polly" in the daytime serial, *David Harum*; she has been heard frequently on such popular programs as *Lux Radio Theater*, *Reader's Digest of the Air*, *This is Your FBI*, *Mr. District Attorney*, the Helen Hayes and Eddie Cantor shows, *Ellery Queen*, *Cavalcade of America*, *The Aldrich Family*, *Grand Central Station*, *The Fat Man*, *True Story*, and many others. Though her first and foremost love has been the stage, she has come to delight in mike work and is spending more and more time in broadcasting.

Broadway and the hinterlands have seen her in many important plays. The list of productions in which she has appeared reads like a roll call of the big hits of the past few years: *You Can't Take It With You*, *Icebound*, *Strange Interlude*, *The Guardsman*, *The Late Christopher Bean*, *Higher and Higher*, *Roar China*, and *The Joyous Season*, to name just a few.

CRITICAL approbation has followed the Condon career since she was first thrust onto the stage. Thrust is the word to describe her debut, for John Drew literally propelled her out of the wings the night she made her first Broadway appearance.

"It was during my second season with Mr. Drew," said Eva with one of her contagious smiles. "All during the first year I earned my salary just sitting

Social Correspondence

► A husky individual hung up his coat in a lunchroom. Having been relieved of his coat once before, he pinned a note to the lapel, stating: "This coat belongs to a champion fighter—and I'll be back!"

When he came back to get his coat it was gone. Fastened to the hook was another note, which said: "Your coat was taken by a champion sprinter—and I won't be back!"



backstage while Mary Boland played her role. The second season I was given a small part, that of a maid. Came time for me to go on the first night and I couldn't move. Mr. Drew came up to me, whispered a funny story in my ear, and practically pushed me out on the stage.

"It was characteristic of this great actor and kindly gentleman," she recalled, "that in spite of his own responsibilities as a star on an opening night, he could still find time to sympathize with the nervousness of a young member of his company."

When Eva was touring the West Coast with Mrs. Fiske in that star's revival of *Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh*, the moviemakers offered her an important role in the Alfred Lunt-Lynn Fontanne production of *The Guardsman*. She had appeared with them in the original Broadway company and was most anxious to join them again in the movie version. It was a splendid opportunity and would have been a lucrative phase in her career, but Eva had promised Mrs. Fiske that she would remain with the company until the end of the tour. When MGM's shooting schedule could not be rearranged she declined the role, rather than renege on her word. Such fidelity is not altogether unknown in theatrical circles, but it certainly is not commonplace.

During the Chicago run of *You Can't Take It With You*, in which she was seen as the scatterbrained mother of the zany Sycamore family, Eva found that the role was beginning to get under her skin. She was cast as Penny Sycamore, who became a writer because someone sent her a typewriter by mistake. It was a role which provided ample opportunity for a display of real comedy talent.

"It was grand fun but after a while I found myself doing the most ridiculous things!" recalled the lady whose Gaelic sense of humor seems to be continually bubbling just beneath the surface. "While playing in Detroit, for example, the entire company was taken to a luncheon and tour of the Ford plant at River Rouge. They sent a spe-

cial bus for us, full of fascinating gadgets, special effects, and whatnot. It was all very gay and wonderful until I—quite innocently—turned to one of the others in the company and asked, 'What make auto is this?' I'm sure that very nice Ford representative who overheard me hasn't fully recovered yet."

BUT playing Penny Sycamore certainly hasn't had any lasting effect on Eva Condon. Deeply interested in the future of the theater in this country, she believes strongly in the need for an expanding dramatic activity in high schools and colleges. It is her opinion that "the only way we are going to raise standards—cultural, moral and technical—in the theater is to bring the children and young students around to an appreciation of the very best in dramatic endeavor. Whether we are all aware of it or not, the theater is a very important factor in modern living. Trends are started, ideas implanted, customs developed from theatrical fads. As Catholics we must carry on the task of striving for higher standards.

"Broadway alone can't do it—nor can one or two groups like the grand Blackfriars Guild here in New York, where Fathers Nagle and Carey are doing so much to keep the Catholic tradition alive in the theater. I would like to see groups like that in every city and town in this country, working with local talent and fostering a love of the best dramas of the present and the past.

"In times like these we need to draw on every possible reserve, and to my way of thinking the theater is one of the most effective and potent weapons in the world."

A vibrant example of what can be accomplished through a combination of intelligence, determination, and faith, this crusader in greasepaint has worked incessantly in a splendid cause. As actress, wife, and friend, she is setting an example for the thousands of young people who aspire to thespian glory. This backstage apostolate is one they may well emulate if and when they find a niche in the turbulent world of the theater.

Turkey Faces the Slav Colossus

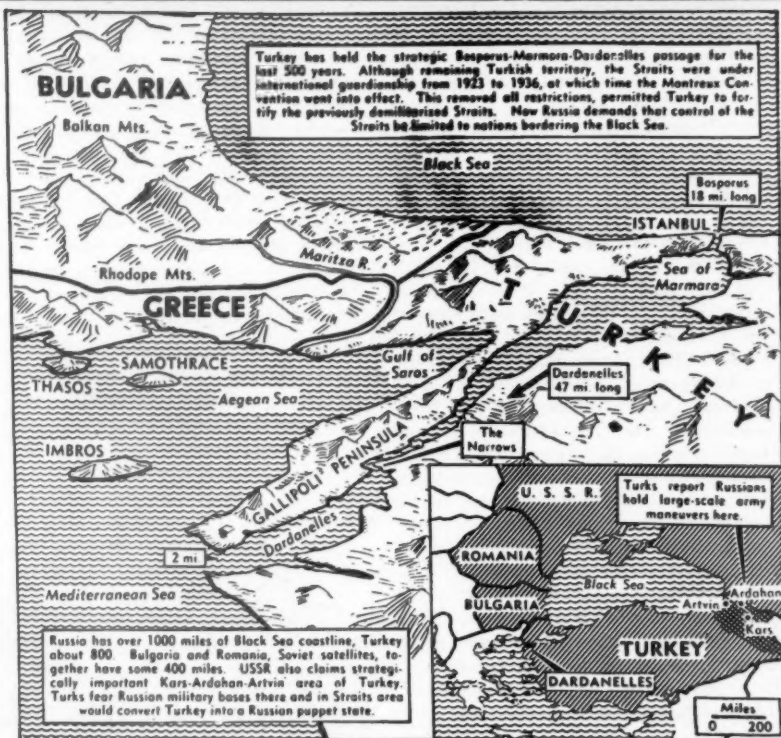
Soviet ambition looks longingly on Turkey's control of strategic waterways; so Turkey has an aggressive neighbor

By
VINCENT W. HARTNETT

AS the Big Four Foreign Ministers fight the diplomatic battle for Germany, whose future will basically determine the future of all Western Europe, there come from the eastern shores of the Mediterranean hints of an impending diplomatic conflict which will shape the future history of the entire Near and Middle East and southwestern Asia. Soviet Russia is preparing an all-out diplomatic and propaganda offensive against Turkey, with immense Red military forces strategically placed for attack should armed offense appear practicable and useful. The United States and Great Britain are quietly backing up Turkey. What will the outcome be?

What was once the largest empire in the world is now a republic whose area is approximately that of California, Washington, and Oregon combined, and whose population is about equal to that of the states of New York and Massachusetts. But Turkey's importance is out of all proportion to her area of some three hundred thousand square miles and population of some eighteen million people. Geographically situated at the hub where Southeastern Europe, Southwestern Asia, and the Middle East meet, Turkey for ages has been one of the world's most sought after prizes. "Whoever is master of Constantinople," Napoleon declared, "will rule the world."

Modern Turkey is virtually a land-bridge between Europe and Asia. European Turkey (in area slightly larger than the state of Massachusetts, and lying south of Bulgaria and east of Greece) is separated from Asiatic Turkey by a continuous waterway composed of the Dardanelles, the Sea of Marmara, and the Bosphorus (Hellespont). This strategic waterway links the Mediterranean Sea, at its Aegean branch, with the Black Sea, the "back yard" or "soft underbelly" of the U.S.S.R.



Control of this waterway, and so of maritime traffic between the Mediterranean world and southwestern Asia, depends largely upon control of the Straits, the Bosphorus, and Dardanelles. The Bosphorus is about eighteen miles long and at its southern end about as wide as the Hudson River at New York City. Constantinople (modern Istanbul) is situated at the southern end, European side. The Dardanelles is a channel some forty miles long and from one to four miles wide.

The Straits have been the object of titanic struggles from time immemorial. The Greeks laid siege to ancient Troy, on the heights above the Dardanelles, not so much because of abducted Helen's beauty, but because they wished to sail their ships through the Dardanelles without paying toll to the Trojans. Darius, Xerxes, and Alexander passed through the Straits in their search for empire. The Crusaders battled to gain Constantinople and the Straits. From the year 1356, Turkey has fought again and again to maintain her control here. Five times she has warred with Russia—1806, 1828, 1853, 1877, and 1914, when Russia was one of the Allies.

Following World War I, the Allies by Treaty of Lausanne ordered the demilitarization of the Straits. On April 11, 1936, Turkey appealed to the eight powers signatory to the Treaty of Lausanne for permission to refortify the Straits. This permission was granted by the Convention of Montreux, July 20 of the same year. Turkish sovereignty over the Straits was restored, and she was allowed to refortify the Dardanelles. Montreux recognized Turkey's right to full control of the Dardanelles in a war in which she was a belligerent. In time of peace the warships and merchant vessels of the Black Sea powers (the U.S.S.R., Bulgaria, Rumania, and Turkey) and the merchant vessels of all other nations were to have unrestricted use of the Dardanelles. Warships of non-Black Sea powers could transit the Dardanelles only with Turkey's permission. In time of war, warships of a belligerent foreign power are not permitted to pass through the Straits, except they be warships of a Black Sea power coming to the aid of a victim of aggression, under the covenant of the League of Nations.

The guns of World War II had not yet ceased firing when the rampant

Russian bear, "hereditary enemy" of Turkey, began to reach once more for the Straits. In June, 1945, Soviet Foreign Commissar Molotov orally presented a set of Russian demands to Selim Sarper, Turkish Ambassador to Moscow. These demands were reliably reported to be: revision of the Montreux Convention so as to provide regulation by the Black Sea powers only of the future regime for the Straits; joint Russo-Turkish defense of the Straits (involving the cession of three military bases in that area to the Russians); and the ceding to Russia of the Turkish *vilayets*, or administrative districts, of Kars and Ardahan. Turkey's answer was a categorical refusal.

Various Soviet maneuvers followed. On December 4, 1945, there occurred in Istanbul popular demonstrations of an anti-Communist nature. The Soviet Foreign Office (Narkomindel) attempted to exploit the demonstrations to Soviet advantage, claiming that they had been inspired by the Turkish Government. Turkey deftly side-stepped Russian efforts to make a legal and moral issue out of the affair. Round two went to Turkey.

Coincidentally with the meeting of the Big Three Foreign Ministers in Moscow that month, the Soviet press played up unofficial Russian demands for a large section of northeastern Turkey which, the Russian press cried out, was part of the "ancient land" of the Georgian people, and must be "returned" to the Georgian Soviet Socialist Republic. This stratagem also fizzled out.

A more appealing propaganda was then cooked up in the Kremlin. It was asserted that Turkish Armenia should be "returned" to the Armenian S.S.R., so as to provide an adequate "homeland" for the alleged hundreds of thousands of Armenian "refugees" who yearned to go home. Undeniably, many Armenians living in Turkey and other countries would like to be given a homestead in a greater Armenia. Yet, this Soviet scheme also proved unsuccessful as a means of "turning the heat" on Turkey. It was presented to the American public in June 1946, but failed to attract much interest. Temporarily pigeonholed, the Armenian plan no doubt will be dusted off and used again, when all-out Russian pressure on Turkey begins.

The strategy behind the Georgian and Armenian plans is of course obvious. Soviet Russia presents exorbitant demands on Turkey, hoping to browbeat the Turks and their friends into granting lesser concessions—in this case, Russian control of the Straits and a pro-Soviet Turkish foreign policy. It is a strategy which was, at least initially, successful in dealing with Iran.

All the while, behind the façade of elaborate diplomatic maneuvers and world-wide propaganda, the Red Army has rattled its saber and growled down Turkey's throat. More than possibly any other diplomatist in Russia's violent history, Comrade Molotov has used the threat of armed attack to lend weight to his words. In addition to the many hundreds of thousands of Soviet and Red-satellite troops in the Balkans, Molotov has available in and around the Russian Black Sea port of Odessa a formidable concentration of Red armor, artillery, cavalry, and infantry. Last July it was rumored, and probably with truth, that Marshal Georgi K. Zhukov, ace Soviet commander, had been appointed to head the Odessa military district.

In early October of 1946, Allied In-



Marshall Georgi K. Zhukov

telligence officers reported the disappearance of seventeen Red divisions which they had "spotted" in Eastern and Central Europe. Later, Intelligence seems to have located some of these Russian divisions in Macedonia, some others in eastern Bulgaria. On November ninth, the Greek Press Ministry in Athens revealed that "military headquarters at Drama reported a concentration of mechanized Bulgarian troops was observed near the tri-country (Greek-Bulgarian-Turkish) border, and new planes appeared over Bulgarian airfields in the area." This report, no doubt correct, was denounced by Bulgaria.

Let it be said at this time that Russia had been observing certain diplomatic niceties. The Montreux Convention expired in 1946 and was subject to renegotiation. A year previously, the Potsdam Agreement had taken cognizance of the imminent expiration of the Montreux Convention, and had provided that revision of that convention should be the subject of direct conversations between each of the Big Three governments and Turkey.

The Soviet attempts to bulldoze Turkey into bilateral agreements back in 1945 had all failed. Not merely the Government at Ankara, but the Turkish people virtually as a whole, declared they would fight to the death rather than yield one square yard of Turkish soil or one iota of independence.

The Georgian scheme had failed. The Armenian scheme had to be shelved. The U.S.S.R. tried to smear Turkey with charges of being "Fascist," "anti-Russian," "dictatorial," "an ally of Hitler during the late war." But the Turks knew from long experience how to wriggle out of the grip of the Russian bear. Turkey encouraged the formation of a second party in opposition to the Nationalists, the party of the Government. The Turkish Democratic Party was more liberal than the Government as regards domestic issues. But it stood four-square by the Government as regards foreign policy and stalwart opposition to Russian demands.

Russian propaganda began to take the line that Turkey had been a virtual ally of the Axis during World War II and should now be punished. This was a grave blunder on the part of Soviet propagandists. As a matter of fact, despite her ostensible neutrality during the past war, Turkey had rendered valuable service to the United Nations. She had refused such tempting German offers (in return for German transit across Turkey in order to attack the South Caucasus and Iraq) as control of the Mosul oil fields, the return of Syria, the cession of certain Greek islands and part of Greek Thrace.

Furthermore, Soviet propagandists should have been told by their bosses that Turkey actually had desired to enter the war on the side of the United Nations, that plans for Turkish participation had been formulated at the Cairo Conference, but that Stalin himself at the later Teheran Conference had blackballed those plans, which entailed a second front to penetrate the Balkans. No, the Soviets wanted to fight the Balkan war themselves, with an eye to the future.

Since August, 1946, the Kremlin appears to have embarked on a smarter, smoother, and bigger plan to crush Turkey. As must be expected, part of "Operation Bear-Hug" (to coin a phrase) comprised the usual diplomatic notes. Thus far, two notes have been made public, one in August and the second in September. In each the Kremlin asks Turkey to agree that the new regime for the Straits be controlled by the Black Sea powers only (the U.S.S.R., Turkey, and Russian puppets Bulgaria and Rumania), and that Russia and Turkey jointly defend the Straits. Turkey's answer in each case has been a diplomatic but firm

"No!" The United States and Great Britain have officially backed up the Turkish position.

This diplomatic interchange is, of course, largely window dressing, and its outcome was anticipated by all parties concerned. The real trump cards, in the estimation of this observer, will include far more complex moves.

"Operation Bear-Hug," it may conservatively be estimated, will comprise a "squeeze" on Turkey from both the east and west. The Soviet will soon revive "Armenian" claims against eastern Turkey, and may possibly instigate a revolt of Kurdish tribesmen in this general area. The Soviet will step into the picture in the role of protector of minority groups.

The right paw of the Russian Bear will strike at western Turkey through the medium of the Slav States, and notably of Bulgaria. Bulgaria will raise her old claim for a corridor through eastern Greece to the Aegean. Bulgarian "guerrillas" conceivably may attack Greek forces in this area, just as Yugoslav, Macedonian, and Greek "guerrillas" and "democratic elements" are now attacking Greek Government forces and peasants in Greek Macedonia, where the Soviet is feeling out Greek strength and testing Britain's and America's determination to insure the integrity of Greece. If Bulgaria does win a corridor through to the Aegean, she will isolate the eastern-most part of Greece from the rest of that country, and she will erect a Slav wall separating Turkey from Europe. This will result in monumental Soviet leverage on the Dardanelles.

Is all this mere speculation? Not at all! Bulgaria has already laid before the UN her claim for part of Thrace. Bulgarian troops, in part led by Soviet staff officers, are massed near the border. Georgi Dimitrov, ex-Secretary-General of the Communist International, has just been entrusted with the job of forming a new government in Bulgaria. Georgi Dimitrov has more than once been reported as speaking out in favor of the creation of a mammoth South Slav State comprising at least Bulgaria, Yugoslavia, and Albania. Such a South Slav State would certainly demand a seaport on the Aegean.

The Soviet will, of course, support the Slav bloc in its demand. The trading that may follow will almost certainly redound to Turkey's disadvantage.

The Soviet considers no efforts too great in its plan to control Turkey and the Straits. We have already discussed the vital strategic position of Turkey. It is also important to remember that for centuries Russia has coveted Constantinople, the ancient Byzantium once the capital of that Eastern Empire to which



low. An adult visitor to the studio remarked: "But, sonny, people don't see stags with one blue antler and one yellow antler, and a raspberry pink body."

The little boy replied soberly: "Isn't that too bad?"

—*Christian Science Monitor*

Through Children's Eyes

► The perfect answer came the other day from an 11-year-old pupil of an art teacher in Massachusetts. The child had produced a rather engaging stag in raspberry pink, with one blue antler and one yellow antler.

Russia believes she is the heir. Today Communist Russia pleads her need of a "warm-water port" (although she already has the year-round seaport of Odessa). But the Soviets may drag out of mothballs the ancient, sanctimonious Russian claim to "holy Constantinople," which the Kremlin could make the rallying point for the various branches of the Eastern Orthodox Church, which it is attempting to line up under the leadership of Patriarch Alexei of Moscow.

Militarily, Turkey and the Straits are of utmost importance. Despite atom bombs, guided missiles, and air power, the U.S.S.R. because of its vast size, population, and geographical position is essentially vulnerable only by means of land armies supported by other military arms and weapons. The Soviet has protected itself against such an overland thrust aimed from virtually any direction save from the regions bordering the Black Sea and the Transcaucasus. An amphibious assault launched through the Straits and Black Sea areas, aimed at Russia's Caucasian oil fields (upon whose production the U.S.S.R. depends for more than 60 per cent of her oil supply under the present five-year plan) could at the present time damage most severely Russia's economic and military potential.

The U.S.S.R. is of course not a first-class sea or long-range air power, as the United States and Britain are. The traditional answer of a great land power (Russia, in this case) to sea power has been to seize control of the strategic maritime bottlenecks (the Straits, in this case). The answer of land power to air power is to seize adjacent enemy air bases. Turkey under Soviet control would provide an ideal springboard for Russian mechanized attack on Anglo-American air bases in Iraq and Saudi Arabia, and possibly for a Russian thrust through to Basra and the Persian Gulf. Turkey under Russian control would bring the U.S.S.R. control of the entire eastern Mediterranean world, and

open the gate to the Middle East and Southwestern Asia.

With a million men under arms, Turkey is the greatest indigenous military power in the Middle East, and therefore the greatest indigenous obstacle in the way of Russia's historic "drive to the south." Turkey is in a sense the political leader of the Middle Eastern powers.

By her geographical position, Turkey is an important key to the economic life of the eastern Mediterranean and the Middle East, where Soviet Russia aspires to succeed to the economic supremacy now in Britain's hands.

What will be the outcome of the imminent struggle between Turkey and the Slav colossus? There are good indications that the United States and Great Britain will align themselves firmly at Turkey's side. By the treaty of October 19, 1939, the British obligated themselves to go to war on the side of Turkey, if Turkey is attacked by any European power, the Soviet included. By recent official diplomatic communications, the United States and Britain have supported Turkey's refusal to enter into bilateral agreements with the U.S.S.R. Britain has displayed unyielding firmness in the Macedonian and Corfu incidents. The United States showed equal firmness in the matter of exacting reparations from Yugoslavia for the shooting down of American airmen.

The United States and Britain have a working naval agreement in the Mediterranean. They have strategic air bases in the Middle East, and latest Russian reports refer to the construction of American airdromes in Turkey itself. Turkey for her part is said to be building new fortifications near the Straits.

"Operation Bear-Hug" will result in an equitable revision of the Montreux Convention, by which the U.S.S.R. will have legitimate defensive aims realized, but it will *not* result in Soviet domination of Turkey and the Straits. Turkey will not surrender to the Slav colossus.

BEAT OF THE HEART

by *helmut koenig*

Illustrated by HENRY HARTMAN

THERE were two near the corner of Forty-eighth. A new colored boy in a smooth-finish coat and wide-brimmed hat, waiting in the doorway—his guitar case resting, end up, against the wall. And a graying trumpet player Lee remembered from various pit bands around town, who watched Lee sullenly now, not acknowledging his greeting.

Lee went on without stopping, afraid to approach them. He went up Broadway, past Dempsey's and the Capitol, moving intently, his hands clenched, the wide, sloping shoulders hunched forward slightly. Crossing over, he hesitated, his troubled eyes looking up at the huge sign bearing his name. LEE STANTON, HIS PIANO AND HIS ORCHESTRA. FIRST NEW YORK APPEARANCE.

This was his return home. But there was no triumph, no satisfaction in the achievement. Only emptiness—and this longing to find the girl he had forsaken that night over a year ago, when he had first decided to strike out on his own.

She was somewhere in this city. A slender girl, with tawny hair and a wide-eyed, innocent look like somebody's kid sister out on her first date. A vocalist who made Lee's hands tremble every time she stepped up to the microphone. Casually, quietly, she had come into his life, changing his entire outlook in their few hours of working together.

"Lorraine." Softly Lee repeated the name to himself, wondering how he could find her again. And if he did. . . . But he shook the thought aside, ashamed of his actions that night, when he had walked out on her in a sudden fit of anger and wounded pride.

Gibbs might know—or a tenor man called Rocco. They had been on the job with him that night. And they had been there later, too. Rocco staring moodily at his coffee. Gibbs, grinning, chanting along happily to himself as he beat out a syncopated tattoo on the marble tabletop. And Lee watching Lorraine.

"You and me, baby," he had told her, building their future. "It's a cinch. Nothing can stop us. Right up to the top. Theater dates. Broadcasts. Name in lights. Anything we set our hearts to."

"I don't want that," she had said. "It wouldn't mean anything."

And when he had insisted, she had

shaken her head, saying, "You're not meant for the big time. None of you. You just play for kicks. You'd never make any kind of a success."

That was when Lee had gotten up, knocking over a chair in the sudden move.

"I'll show you," he had told her angrily. "I'll go out and prove to you a guy can put this racket on a paying basis. And I don't need any of your help either."

That was the way it had ended. His only chance now was to find her again and offer her a spot with the band. That way, at least, they could be together.

Lee turned left on Seventh Avenue, walking a little faster in the fading light. There was a flicker of hope in his clear blue eyes. He'd try Charlie's. Gibbs always used to hang out there.

Coming to the entrance, he pushed on through the double doors. Charlie was behind the bar.

"Gibbs been around?" Lee asked him.

"Not yet. Later."

"How much later?"

"Eight-thirty or so. Just before he goes to work."

"I'll wait."

"You want something to drink?"

Lee shrugged his shoulders.

Charlie splashed whiskey into a six-ounce glass. Lee sat down in a booth, facing the entrance. He toyed with his drink, not really tasting it. He was tense—troubled by the inactivity of waiting. Somewhere in the room, the slow changing rainbow front of a juke box flashed on. Then light guitar chords backed by heavy rhythm—and a girl's voice.

Lee sat up in sudden anticipation. His hands gripped the edge of the table.

It was a familiar tune by Gershwin. One they had done that night. But this voice was not Lorraine's. He relaxed again, remembering the way it had been. Lorraine signaling for her first vocal,

walking over to the mike, holding on to it lightly as he gave her a two-bar introduction. And then starting off with that low, throaty fierceness that sent shivers running up his spine. Feeling the unity building between them, the identical tricks of timing, echoing the notes back and forth, the response growing with each number. And this one song. "The Man I Love."

Someone called his name. Gibbs was coming through the doors, moving along easily, his arms loose and swinging.

"The big shot himself," Gibbs said, winking. "Coming back to take the town by storm?"

"I came to find Lorraine."

"Never heard of the little lady." Gibbs grinned, draping himself into the booth.

"You know where she is."

"You mean the kid that was on the job with us the night you walked out?"

"Right. Where is she?"

"I don't know."

"What about Rocco?"

"Maybe," Gibbs said slyly. "You might ask him."

"You got his number?"

"I'm not so sure Rocco wants to see you. I don't think he'd be very enthusiastic about anything you might say."

"Never mind all that. Just tell me where he is."

"Look, guy," Gibbs started confidentially. "You and I used to be great friends. We probably worked on more dates than any two guys in the biz. I might as well tell you. The boys in this town are cold on you."

"I don't understand."

"Going to Chi to organize was enough. Leaving everybody you ever worked with and starting off with a new crew. That doesn't go with us. We expect a little loyalty too."

"I had to go there to get the backing."

"Don't make any explanations to me. I just wanted to let you know where

Lee Stanton's name was in lights, but he felt no pride in his achievement. Only emptiness—and longing for a girl he could never forget



you stand. In case you're interested. As for me, I don't care. I can always pick up a few bucks my own way."

"What about Rocco?"

"Give him a try. See what he says."

"Where does he work?"

"In the Village. A little place near Sheridan Square. Right off Barrow Street."

"Come on down with me."

Gibbs shook his blond head. "Can't do it. Got a job uptown. Besides, you're only wasting your time. Rocco isn't putting out any information."

"What is this about Rocco?"

Shrugging his shoulders, Gibbs said, "Maybe he's soft on the girl."

"I'll find out for myself."

"He doesn't go on till after ten."

But Lee was already on his way to the door.

"Let me know how you make out," Gibbs called after him.

Lee went downtown, wandering along the narrow, crooked streets until it was time for Rocco to be at work. Lee saw the lights, the striped awning outside,

and the placard bearing the names of the musicians. He found Rocco's name and went inside.

Rocco was on the second chorus of "If I Had You." When the trombone took the bridge, and Lee nodded, Rocco lowered his dark eyes, avoiding Lee's insistent glance.

When they finished the number, Lee approached the dais where the band was set up.

Rocco listened to him with obvious impatience. He shook his head, saying, "I don't care how important you think it is." He sucked on a fresh reed, forced it into the mouthpiece of the saxophone, and tightened the clamps. He said, "Don't bother me now. We got to finish the set."

Lee waited. After the next number, when they started to leave the stand, Lee blocked Rocco's way. Rocco pushed him aside.

With one sweep of his fist, Lee knocked him against the wall.

"I'm not playing around," Lee told him sharply. He placed his hands flat

She had shaken her head, saying, "You're not meant for the big time. None of you. You just play for kicks"

against the wall, pinning Rocco in the triangle of his arms.

A slow smile spread on Rocco's face.

"So the big shot turns tough." He laughed. "And what happens if I don't tell you?"

"You're going to," Lee insisted. "I won't leave until you do. The only reason I came back was to find Lorraine. And no one's going to stand in my way."

"All right," Rocco said finally. "I'll tell you. But it won't do you any good."

"Let me worry about that. Just give me the address."

Rocco told him the name of a restaurant near Fifty-seventh Street. "She's working up there," he explained. "A waitress, or cashier. Go and have yourself a meal. You look hungry."

Outside, Lee got in a taxi and gave the driver the address.

On his way uptown he paused, wondering. Rocco had acted strange. Usually

he was calm—dead serious. But tonight he had been amused. Lee couldn't understand the change. And why should Lorraine be working on a floor job in a restaurant?

The driver's voice cut into Lee's thoughts. "This the place?"

Lee got out. After the cab had pulled away, he went straight to the door, touched the latch, and then stopped—afraid to go on. Finally, with one last effort, he went in.

A young man in shirt sleeves, polishing the countertop, looked up as Lee came in. There were no customers. Lee started to speak. Then he saw her. She was counting out bills on the glass casing beside the cash register. Lee stood there uncertainly as she tapped the thin stack of bills together, sprung a rubber band around them, and pushed them aside without noticing him. She started to write something on a pad. For an instant her eyes were raised. The pencil remained motionless in the middle of a word.

Her eyelids fluttered—and then, in a sudden rush of activity, the pencil finished the word, the pad was picked up, there was a flash of dangling keys, and the sound of a drawer pulled viciously open. She dropped the pencil and pad into the drawer, and slammed it shut. She got up, moving about the room rapidly, ripping cloths off the tables on her way to the back.

Lee followed her. He stood beside her as she filled a salt cellar from a bright red carton. She avoided him, picking up more dishes. Lee reached out. Their hands touched.

She dropped the dishes back on the table, turning toward him angrily.

"What is it you want?" she demanded.

Unable to speak, Lee stood there. A sharp heel clicked impatiently. Her wide, bright eyes regarded him coolly.

"I had to find you," Lee said. "There aren't any other reasons."

Retreating, she said, "I thought maybe you came back to tell me about your success."

"No," Lee told her softly. "That isn't the important thing. I used to think it was. But, alone, it doesn't mean anything."

"You made your choice that night."

"But I wanted it for us. Can't you understand?"

"You didn't act that way."

He apologized. "I didn't know what I was saying. I didn't want you to think me a bum in the business. A guy who couldn't go places if he set his mind to it."

"That wasn't what I meant. I never cared about success. None of that means anything to me. I sang because I had to. Because the notes were there inside me, crying for release. The money wasn't important. Nothing mattered ex-



He found Rocco's name and went inside

cept the fact that I was up there singing the kind of things I liked, working with guys that felt the same way. The little guys in the business. The kids that sit around in small clubs, jamming until the early hours of the morning. I tried to tell you, but you wouldn't listen."

"We could still do it. Together."

"No. It's too late."

"Too late?"

"I'm through singing."

Lee watched her in shocked silence.

"I was sick," she explained. "A bad throat. I was laid up for a long time. They would have had to operate before I could sing again. And it wasn't worth the chance."

Lee took her hands in his. His voice broke. "I'm terribly sorry. I had no idea."

"That's the way it happened," she told him calmly. "There's no use feeling sorry." She hesitated, and then added, "But you see, there's nothing you want me for any more."

"Nothing could possibly make any difference," he pleaded.

"Why did you have to come back?"

"Is there someone else?"

"It's no use, Lee. There's nothing left for us. You're on the way up. That life isn't for me."

"Is it Rocco?"

"Yes," she admitted. "He helped me out when I was ill. I didn't have enough money, and he was very good to me."

She walked to the front of the restaurant, Lee following. "We're closing now," she said. "I've got to leave."

She turned to the other man, tossing him the keys. "Night, Ralph. Lock up, will you?"

Outside she stopped. "Please go now," she told Lee impatiently. "Forget you ever met me. It's best that way."

Then she started downtown. But Lee stayed at her side. She walked quickly, ignoring him, swinging her purse, humming to herself in a reckless mood of independence.

Lee caught the tune she was working on. It was Gershwin's "The Man I Love." All the old thrill of the suspended rhythm made his hands tremble with excitement. His mind became alive. He wanted to be at the piano, filling in behind her. Gently, he took her arm.

They turned off into a street of drab apartment houses and went up a short flight of steps. She paused at the glass doors, searching in her purse for the key. Then she turned, holding up her hands in protest.

"Please," she said in a voice that was a whisper.

"You've got to let me talk," he implored.

It was a small room with a piano in one corner. Lee shut the door quietly behind him and went straight to the piano. He struck a full, two-handed chord, letting the right hand build up on it. For a time he was lost in a broken chord progression—a wandering, sad melody. Lorraine seated herself on the armrest of a chair, absently watching his hands.

"Tell me about Rocco," Lee said, continuing to play.

"He was wonderful to me," she said simply.

"You're not in love with him," Lee prompted hopefully.

"I think I am," she said soberly.

"He doesn't approve of me any more."

"No—they're all against you, Lee. You let them down."

"You think so, too."

"Why shouldn't I? When I met you, you were a part of a group of guys who hung around together, played the same dates, talked nothing but music, and everything seemed right. Then you suddenly leave, and a year later come back and merely say you did it for me."

Lee stopped playing and looked at her, thinking of the crowded theater, the footlights, the sea of faces, the applause, the same numbers played five shows a day, week after week from one contract to another. Doing it alone, without Lorraine, without any of the old friends.

"We'll start all over again," Lee

said. "There's a club uptown. Just right for the old group. Gibbs, Rocco. Just the way it used to be."

"What about your band?"

"I can sell it. It's all built up. Complete library. Personnel. The guy that backed me can get a pretty boy for a front and make out better than he ever would with me up there."

He waited for her reply, but she did not answer.

"And after the jobs we could have the guys up to our place. . . ."

"Whose place?"

"Yours and mine."

She shook her head. "It wouldn't be any good. It's not enough. We couldn't start all over again. Not unless I was back singing on the jobs, at least."

"Sure we could," Lee said. "The guys would be there all the time. The same old friendships."

"No," she said firmly. "There's all the difference in the world."

Helplessly, Lee raised his hands and then let them fall on the keys. Automatically, after a minute his fingers found the Gershwin tune she had been humming earlier, filling in with the figures that had come to mind at the time, feeling the peculiar rhythm they shared building into the melody.

She watched his hands, her eyes softening, some of the tenseness going out of her face. Lee continued to play, and after a while, so softly he could hardly hear her, she started to hum along with him. Gradually the voice built up in intensity, and as he went into the second chorus, it rose full and rich. Suddenly she was standing beside him, the words echoing the notes back clearly, the sound swelling and growing. They went straight through the song, just the way they had that night over a year ago. And the final chord seemed to hang in the air.

Lee stood up and took her in his arms. "You said you could never sing again," he said softly.

She closed her eyes, shaking her head in unbelief. "I didn't know. I didn't know it was possible. I don't think I could do it again—ever. I know I couldn't. . . ."

"Anything is possible," Lee whispered, feeling the beat of her heart against him, "anything at all. Besides, I don't care. I don't care whether you can ever sing again."

After a few minutes she lifted her head and looked at him soberly. "Maybe it will turn out all right—maybe—because I liked you once. And I didn't tell you that Rocco fell in love with my sister while I was so sick—and he married her three months ago."

Lee grinned. "He's right in the family then," he said, "Just as I said—anything is possible!"

A SIGN SPORTS STORY

BASKET-A-MINUTE COACH

FRANK KEANEY has two hobbies. He collects old glassware and new basketball scoring records. The second diversion has made him such a controversial figure in collegiate court circles that he's often glad he has his glass collection to take his mind off his troubles.

You'd never guess from looking at him that Keaney could stir up a controversy of any kind. Smiling, white-haired, and sixty, he resembles a kindly Irish pastor and even talks like one.

But as coach of the Rhode Island State College Rams—whose basket-a-minute pace makes them the nation's perennial high-scoring champions—Keaney has horrified fellow mentors with his helter-skelter style.

"He's taken all the finesse out of basketball," complained one coach recently. "He's ruining the game, and what's more he's getting away with it."

Keaney isn't much for smooth court maneuvering, for figure-eight offenses or delayed offenses or man-in-the-slot offenses. He doesn't give a hoot for fancy defenses. He tells his players that the best thing to do with the ball is shoot.

That's just what they do, from under the basket or from center court, with one hand or two. They throw for the hoop from opening whistle to final gun, and last season their free-wheeling offense netted 75.6 points per game. Usually the average is higher. Rhode Island holds the all-time college record average of 80.

When little Rhody drops below 70 points, spectators yawn. When they fail to score 60, their fans apologize, and when they fall short of 50 it's headline news on the sports pages.

Rival coaches may look with disdain upon Keaney's system—or rather his lack of it—but basketball fans flock to see his team in action. Just as they go to see the New York Yankees hit home runs and to see Notre Dame score touchdowns, they want to watch Rhode Island run up a big score.

And they are seldom disappointed.

When the team plays at home in Kingston, they have to call out state police to hold back the crowds. Promoters in New York and Boston have learned the folly of booking Keaney's team for the first game of a basketball double-header. They used to do that, but they found that the second game was always so dull by comparison that many of the fans walked out.

Keaney's teams are products of their environment. When he began coaching at Rhode Island in 1920, he found a small student body and no money for athletic scholarships. His material was just the kind a coach loves to see—on some other team.

Only by wearing out the opposition could he win basketball games, Keaney reasoned, so he concentrated on long passes and continual shooting.

Fortunately, he found many boys who took readily to his unorthodox style of play. One was Stanley (Stutz) Modzelewski, whose four-year total of 1,730 points set a national scoring record in 1942. Another was Ernie (Shadow) Calverley, who clipped Modzelewski's mark last season with 1,868. Calverley led the Rams through their best season with 21 victories in 24 games, and into the final round of the National Invitation Tournament in New York.

Neither Modzelewski nor Calverley was a "fancy dan," but each shot early and often and that's what won games.

"Just as long as the ball goes in the basket," smiled Keaney, "my players can stretch right out on the floor and shoot over their heads if they want to. All I care about is the final score."

—JOSEPH NOLAN



THE SIGN Award for 1946



By JERRY COTTER

Best Pictures of 1946

Continued emphasis on neuroticism, crime, suggestiveness, and materialistic philosophy during the year just past proved that the moviemakers aren't sufficiently aware of their responsibilities to, and in, a world confused and wearied by the backwash of war.

Whereas the screen should exert every effort to provide at least a partial antidote, it has too often added fuel to the flames of unrest. Succumbing to the lure of profits the industry's producers, both in Hollywood and Britain, have blandly ignored the warning signs on the road, by continuing to produce material of highly questionable nature. The most salacious novel or play usually stands the best chance of being snapped up for immediate movie production. We have *Forever Amber* and *Nightmare Alley* coming up in 1947. Undoubtedly they will be tailored to conform to the demands of the Production Code—but can any amount of revision, any number of cuts make such trash suitable material for movie audiences?

The subtle erosion of suggestiveness can be as dangerous as dynamite. A picture need not be as foul as *The Outlaw* to serve those forces which thrive on confusion, immorality, and a widespread disrespect for authority. The influence of the screen is as wide as the world; its responsibility is to supply that vast audience with entertainment that measures up to accepted standards of behavior and morality. It cannot reach that goal by concentration on the by-products of life's seamier side. There is far too much at stake, as the records of juvenile delinquency, broken homes, and general moral disintegration readily testify.

Outstanding among the 1946 releases and a distinguished screen drama was Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's production of *THE GREEN YEARS*, based on the novel by Dr. A. J. Cronin. An artless narrative built around the difficulties encountered by a young Irish lad transplanted to the Scottish home of his grandparents, it proved to be a heartwarming study of adolescence with special appeal for Catholic audi-



"*The Green Years*" receives THE SIGN's Fifth Annual Award as the year's outstanding motion picture. Leading members of the cast: Tom Drake, Charles Coburn, and Beverly Tyler (in circle), Hume Cronyn, Selena Royal, Gladys Cooper, and Dean Stockwell

ences. Its deft and sympathetic handling of the religious passages and the beauty of the First Communion sequence have seldom been duplicated on the screen.

In every department of production—adaptation, direction, and performance—it is a motion picture of substance, beauty, and inspiration. Charles Coburn, Dean Stockwell, Gladys Cooper, and Tom Drake, the best members of an unusually fine cast, have done much to make it bonnie entertainment by their polished characterizations. Judged from every angle, it emerges as the year's best offering and as such will receive THE SIGN's Fifth Annual Award for the Outstanding Motion Picture of the Year. Previous winners of the Award have been *The Bells of St. Mary's*; *Going My Way*; *The Song of Bernadette*, and *Yankee Doodle Dandy*.

Special mention is also due the year's runners-up: *Anna and the King of Siam*, a colorful, absorbing character study, studded with incidents reflecting the Oriental love of pageantry and flecked with sufficient flashes of humor to counterbalance its dramatic power; *Till the Clouds Roll By*, the finest musical turned out in '46 and reviewed in this issue; *Sister Kenny*, the stirring, semidocumentary story of Nurse Kenny's lifelong battle against infantile paralysis; *Henry the Fifth*, a rare screen adventure for the serious moviegoer and the most vibrant, eloquent, and convincing Shakespeare the motion picture has yet created; *Song of the South*, in which Disney sets a new high for his cartoon competitors to equal by combining human characters with pen-and-ink creations in a delightfully different pattern; *Cluny Brown*, a sparkling, bubbly, adult concoction in the chuckly, satirical mood of the novel from which it was adapted; *The Yearling*, reviewed in this issue; *The Stranger*, the outstanding entry among the year's oversupply of melodramatic thrillers; and *The Virginian*, daddy of all outdoor yarns and still the most virile and exciting.

Pacing the players with performances of special merit this year were: Claude Rains (*Caesar and Cleopatra*); Rosalind Russell (*Sister Kenny*); Irene Dunne and Rex Harrison (*Anna and the King of Siam*); Charles Coburn and Dean Stockwell (*The Green Years*); Laurence Olivier (*Henry the Fifth*); Claudette Colbert (*Tomorrow Is Forever*); Olivia de Havilland (*To Each His Own*); Loretta Young (*The*

Stage and Screen

Stranger); Dana Andrews (*The Best Years of Our Lives*); Joan Crawford (*Humoresque*); Anne Baxter (*The Razor's Edge*); Jennifer Jones and Charles Boyer (*Cluny Brown*); Vincent Price (*Dragonwyck*); Ingrid Bergman (*Spellbound*), with Una O'Connor (*Cluny Brown*); Michael Chekov (*Spellbound*) and Elsa Lanchester (*The Razor's Edge*) contributing the outstanding supporting moments.

Repertory

HENRY VIII is not one of the best Shakespearean dramas, in fact it is not wholly his, but as enacted by the American Repertory Theater, staged by Margaret Webster and designed by David Ffolkes, it is rattling good theater.

The A-R-T had done itself proud with this handsome, brilliantly acted spectacle, imparting to it a vitality and dramatic force the script does not possess. The overall effect is vividly striking, and if players can make a play, Eva Le Gallienne, Walter Hampden, Victor Jory, Richard Waring, and June Duprez do just that. Miss Le Gallienne's long career before the footlights is capped by her brilliant and powerful impersonation of Katherine of Aragon. The scene in which she pleads her cause is the theater at its very highest peak. Splendid also is Richard Waring's Duke of Buckingham and to a lesser degree the Hampden performance as Cardinal Wolsey. Practically without flaw, the supporting players and

technicians have responded to Miss Webster's direction in a manner to make the initial production of this newly formed repertory band a stirring theatrical event.

For a change of pace, the group offered James M. Barrie's WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS as the second item on its program. As they have worked it out, the Barrie piece becomes less of a curio than it might ordinarily be, with Miss Le Gallienne scoring again as the vivacious, coquettish Comtesse; Waring handling the role of the dour Scot with consummate skill; Miss Duprez proving competent as the subtle Maggie; Mary Alice Moore making a most satisfactory debut as Lady Sybil, and Hampden playing a stock British politico with ease and finesse. As in their first production, the members of the A-R-T displayed imagination, taste, and ability of a high order.

Third time out, the result was less satisfactory, due principally to the choice of Ibsen's JOHN GABRIEL BORKMAN as the play. The somberness and oversentimentality of this one-finger exercise in self-pity and despair relegates it to a distinctly minor spot on the group's program. Miss Le Gallienne, Jory, Ernest Truex, and Miss Webster appear in it, but Ibsen's monotony offers them little more than the opportunity for a light workout.

Scheduled for presentation later this season are Sheridan's *School for Scandal*; Shaw's *Androcles and the Lion*, and a new play yet to be announced.

Other New Plays

Lillian Hellman takes her audience back to the reconstruction days down South and the youthful years of her Hubbard-Giddens family in ANOTHER PART OF THE FOREST. Employing the same characters displayed in *The Little Foxes*, she attempts to show how and why they got that way. What she succeeds in doing is merely to sketch the most unattractive, unwholesome, unbelievable family it would be possible to conceive. Greed motivates all their actions; incest plays an important part in their lives; hatred colors every deed; money and power are the family idols. When the curtain falls on this study in evil, the audience has had enough depravity to last a lifetime. Theater-wise and an able writer, Miss Hellman has penned and directed her story with a keen awareness of theatrical requirements, which

Below: Richard Waring (on stairs, under ax) and other players in "Henry VIII," American Repertory Theater production. Right: Robert Walker and Lucille Bremer in "Till the Clouds Roll By"



makes the shoddy quality of the narrative all the more regrettable. Percy Waram, Mildred Dunnock, Patricia Neal, Leo Genn, and Margaret Phillips succeeded in making the characters frighteningly vicious. We can only wish that they and the author were collaborating on a more digestible theme.

George Kelly's new comedy, *THE FATAL WEAKNESS*, gains much through the vibrant energies of Ina Claire's performance. Unfortunately, though the Kelly wit is as nimble as ever and Miss Claire's performance animatedly amusing, there isn't enough substance in his trite and synthetic comedy built around the breaking up of a twenty-five-year-old marriage. Some of the author's lines are trenchant and his wise-cracks are often hilarious, but neither writing nor acting succeeds in lifting this into the hit class. Partly objectionable.

The musical comedy, *PARK AVENUE*, has two colorful sets, about six talented actors, one gag repeated *ad nauseam*, and a peculiarly unmusical score. It's all about a society matron who just can't remember the chronological order of her husbands. Someone, someplace must have found something musically appealing and/or humorous in it. We won't mention the players as they, too, would probably like to forget the whole thing.

"Hell is other people," says the French "intellectual," Jean-Paul Sartre in his play *NO EXIT*; and for one hundred long minutes the founder of the Existentialist movement sets about proving it. Espousing a doctrine in direct opposition to the Christian concept of faith, he places three protagonists in his concept of eternal damnation and there they goad and infuriate each other with no hope of ever escaping their destiny. Much as you might like to, this movement cannot be dismissed lightly. It is already making rapid strides among the discontented and the world-weary in Europe. Sartre's play, expounding his philosophy here for the first time, is a dull drama, but may well be the wedge for the introduction of another dangerous doctrine.

The Shipstads and Johnson, producers of *THE ICE FOLLIES*, have whipped up a fast-moving, colorful rink revue featuring such ice celebrities as Evelyn Chandler, Frick and Frack, Harris Legg, and the Maxsons. Addicts of these figure-8 spectacles will find this the very best of the lot, well worth the attention of all thrill-seekers from Junior to Grandpa.



Ginger Rogers and David Niven in "The Magnificent Doll"

Super-Musical

TILL THE CLOUDS ROLL BY is one of the most enjoyable musical movies yet produced. Melodically, it is the equal of anything the screen has done, for it features twenty-three numbers from the Jerome Kern portfolio, presenting them with vocal effectiveness and artful arrangement. The roster of stars employed is long and bright, with each appearance cleverly integrated into the general pattern by scenarists Myles Connolly and Jean Holloway.

Purporting to relate the highlights of Kern's life, it resolves into an amiable little narrative bolstered by eye-filling production numbers and the inclusion of such unforgettables as: "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes"; "Old Man River"; "Look for the Silver Lining"; "Who"; "Sunny"; and "The Last Time I Saw Paris." The musical interludes, produced with a maximum of good taste, benefit from the vocal presence of Judy Garland, Dinah Shore, Virginia O'Brien, Frank Sinatra, Kathryn Grayson, Lena Horne, and Tony Martin. Robert Walker brings simplicity and sincerity to the Kern role, and Van Johnson, June Allyson, Ray McDonald, Mary Nash, Lucille Bremer, and Van Heflin are added assets.

This superior musical is recommended family fare. (MGM)

"The Yearling"

All too rarely does Hollywood rise to the heights achieved in the filmization of Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings' Pulitzer Prize novel, *THE YEARLING*. As engrossing as it is wholesome and virtually stunning, the entire production is an eloquently realistic, appealing creation.

Long delayed in reaching the screen, the Rawlings story of life on the Florida frontier during the latter days of the last century is admirable in its simplicity, sincerity, and rugged naturalness. Aided by the vividly effective Technicolor camera; admirable portrayals from Gregory Peck, Jane Wyman, and Claude Jarman, Jr., as the young Jody; a smoothly flowing script by Paul Osborn and the author's universally popular story, director Clarence Brown has built a motion picture that is memorable.

Designed for every member of the family circle to see and enjoy, it is an offering Hollywood may well point to with pride. (MGM)

Reviews in Brief

Marital misfortunes intrigue, but rarely inspire, the movie-making gentry. In *NEVER SAY GOODBYE*, the variations are few and hardly important enough to compensate for Errol Flynn's porkish performance, several overly suggestive lines, and the routine development of the battle-reconciliation-battle formula. Patti Brady, as a seven-year-old caught in the middle of it all, exhibits promise, while Eleanor Parker, Lucile Watson, Hattie McDaniel, and Forrest Tucker alternate at the pulmotor. (Warner Brothers)

NOTORIOUS GENTLEMAN does little to enhance the reputation of the British film industry with those who seek more than mere technical skill. Rex Harrison and Lilli Palmer, who have since joined the Hollywood legions, are co-starred in this frankly amoral study of "polite" depravity. It is the story of a man who starts the race to ruin during Oxford days and continues his dissolute way unto death, with nary a regret. Making no attempt to depict either remorse or even hint at regeneration, the film's blithe inference is that the trip down the moral ladder can be jolly fun. If this is lend-lease in reverse, let's ask for those fifty destroyers instead. (Universal-International)

Fiction replaces fact in the lively historical romance, *THE MAGNIFICENT DOLL*. With Ginger Rogers cast as a Hollywood-version Dolly Madison; David Niven portraying Aaron Burr and Burgess Meredith on hand as a sober, quiet



Claude Jarman, Jr., plays the role of young Jody in the film version of Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings' prize-winning novel, "The Yearling." At right he is shown with Gregory Peck in a scene from the picture

James Madison, it moves opulently and briskly along a fictionalized path. Viewed as adult escapism, it measures up, due principally to the spirited acting of the stars, Horace McNally and Peggy Wood. Enjoyable—but not a substitute for a history lesson. (Universal)

Some years ago Wallace Beery and Jackie Cooper scored heavily in a sentimental binge called *The Champ*. Back again as *THE MIGHTY MCGURK*, with Beery once more portraying the sodden pug and Dean Stockwell taking over as the orphan he befriends, it falls far short of the previous version. The youngsters will find it absorbing, no doubt, but adults will wonder why this remake was necessary. (MGM)

W. Somerset Maugham's *THE RAZOR'S EDGE* rates applause for the improvements it makes on standardized screen technique but little more than passing attention for its philosophic pretensions. Maugham's vacuous novel remains just a long-winded, sophomoric, morally and intellectually inane confusion. Its vague probings into the realm of religious thought remain just that and may even be interpreted as contrary to Christian doctrine. Maugham is effective in describing the dilettantes of the Riviera and Paris; merely a perplexed dilettante himself when delving into the complex spiritual sphere. In discarding conventional cinematic clichés for an original fluidity of movement, Director Edmund Goulding has unconsciously made his camera the star of this lavish, imaginative production. Of the players, Anne Baxter is splendid as an unpathetic dipsomaniac; Tyrone Power is competent in a role that calls for little else; Gene Tierney manages to get through the most demanding assignment she has had to date; Clifton Webb is amusing as a ridiculous snob; Herbert Marshall completely ineffectual as the author-narrator of the piece; John Payne and Lucile Watson help out, and Elsa Lanchester makes a brief bit sparkle. The net impression gained from the grandeur and meticulous care bestowed on the production is that even the Aladdin's lamp of the fabulous and indulgent Mr. Zanuck cannot cover up Maugham's inadequacy as a philosopher, the basically nihilistic tone of his ramblings, or the tawdriness of the characters he has created. (20th Century-Fox)

LOVE LAUGHS AT ANDY HARDY is the latest Mickey Rooney fracas and the pint-sized star's first picture since his Army tour. Whether the audience will do likewise is a de-

batable question. Rooney's talent for clowning is much in evidence and the kids will probably find that irresistible. Fun for the family trade, with Bonita Granville, Lewis Stone, and all the Hardy retinue on hand for the doings. (MGM)

The semidocumentary quality of *THE BEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES* gives added luster to its skilled presentation of postwar adjustments. MacKinlay Kantor's story of three vets who face what seem like insurmountable psychological, moral, and financial problems is not without its flaws, but is withal a splendid study. Eventually the problems are solved to the apparent satisfaction of those involved, but we wish that the producers and writers of the picture, who profess to be so deeply concerned about our contemporary issues, had seen the incongruity of solving their romantic difficulty via divorce. That, and a tendency to spout ideologies, together with its inordinate length, are the film's drawbacks. The work of Myrna Loy, Dana Andrews, Teresa Wright, Hoagy Carmichael, and Frederic March is excellent, and two newcomers, Cathy O'Donnell and Harold Russell, deserve praise. Russell is an ex-paratrooper who lost both hands in service, and though he is not a professional actor his performance is sincere and assured. Recommended, with the stated reservations, for adult audiences. (RKO-Goldwyn)

Grownups who find hectic backstage antics amusing will get their thrill-fill in the splashy Technicolor musical, *THE TIME, THE PLACE AND THE GIRL*. Enlisting all the stand-bys from Carmen Cavallero's Orchestra to S. K. Sakall's jowly humor, not forgetting "that plot" which has seen service for many decades now, it adds up to a moderately entertaining session. Dennis Morgan, Jack Carson, and a group of lesser knowns make it seem more spontaneous and fresh than it actually is. (Warner Brothers)

Technically, *THE LADY IN THE LAKE* is a radical departure from form and, accepted as such, is an absorbing, adult mystery drama. The entire story is narrated by Robert Montgomery, who is both star and director of the piece, though he appears on the screen but briefly. In this original treatment of a Raymond Chandler story, he also becomes the eye of the camera. Characters and situations are seen as if the audience were a participant rather than an onlooker. An interesting experiment of doubtful permanent value, the film is good melodrama. (MGM)

Found Guilty By ALOYSIUS McDONOUGH, C.P.

THE trials of Jesus of Nazareth stand out in legal history as an unparalleled travesty of justice. Ever since the original Holy Week, Gentile and Jewish elements have endeavored to evade odium by shifting blame one upon the other. It goes without saying that Jesus Christ was innocent morally and before God. Any assertion to the contrary would be not only incongruous but even blasphemous! However, to be innocent morally—in the forum of conscience—is one thing. It may be quite another thing to be innocent legally—according to the tenor of human laws.

Man's competence to legislate stems from the Divine Lawgiver. Hence, the supposition should be that every human law is a dictate of right reason and favorable to the common good. If, unfortunately, unjust laws become the norm of conduct, a man who is morally innocent may be indicted legally and found guilty. Inversely, as happens only too often, criminals go unpunished because unconvicted legally. The Son of Man was sentenced to death despite the fact that He was innocent—not only morally and before God, but also legally, according to the norms of Jewish and Roman jurisprudence. Unable to meet His public challenge: "Which of you can convict Me of sin?" His enemies resorted to a flagrant by-passing of judicial procedure and found Him guilty. But there are tragedies that would be "more tragic still if they did not happen."

In fictionalized history, so much in vogue nowadays, we find milk-and-water versions of Our Divine Saviour's career on earth. But the only reliable record of the conspiracy against Him is to be found in sacred history. A panoramic view of that conspiracy reveals a strange assortment of allies, unified for the moment by one common purpose—to offset the influence of a Leader whose kingdom extended beyond this world, and who—intolerant of insincerity—insisted that allegiance to Him be heartfelt. Ostensibly, the elements aligned against the Wonder-



Woodcut by James Reid

worker were dominated by Pharisees. But they spearheaded a movement instigated chiefly by the Sadducees.

In all probability, Our Lord entertained more regard for the Pharisees, or Doctors of the Law, and for their professional associates, the Scribes, than He did for the Sadducean or priestly group. Until His public denunciation of their hypocrisy, the Pharisees had manifested a respectful interest in this Newcomer. Despite their extreme views and their inconsistency of conduct, the Pharisees did uphold the laws of God: they fostered belief in a resurrection to come and in the life hereafter. Our Lord seems to have inveighed more often against them than against any other misleaders of the people. However, this is understandable. The more agitation intensified, the more cunningly the Sadducean element stayed in the

background. It was the Pharisees who fronted for them, endeavoring to ensnare Christ in His speech.

The conspiracy against Our Saviour was ramified and its responsibility shared by many. Of their respective guilt, Saint Thomas Aquinas has listed an orderly appraisal. The Gentiles involved were less to blame than the Jews, for they did not enjoy the guidance of Divine Revelation. Aside from sheer brutality, the least blameworthy of all were the Roman legionnaires, who acted under orders. From His death-cross, Our Redeemer voiced his first prayer on behalf of those who had crucified Him. "For they know not what they do!" Ignorance could be pleaded, in due measure, for the Gentiles and for the commoners among the Jews.

Not so, however, for the leaders of the Jewish people, by whom the populace was dominated and swayed.

Thoroughly educated along religious lines—above all, well versed in the prophecies that referred to their Messias—the Jewish authorities could plead only sham ignorance. Their judicial murder of Christ was unspeakably criminal, and their responsibility heightened by the malice of ill will.

In the days of Our Lord's sojourn among His chosen people, the Sadducean party, though a minority group, were in many respects the most influential among Jewish leaders. That influence was based upon wealth and education, and their tenure of priestly office. It was their profiteering in the temple that occasioned Our Lord's indignation: "My house is the house of prayer. But you have made it a den of thieves!"

At variance with the Pharisee party, the Sadducees acknowledged only the written word of God, repudiating all unwritten tradition. The Scriptures they presumed to interpret as they saw fit. Surely, though gradually, the Sadducees became skeptics—religious know-nothings—and freethinkers. They disbelieved so fundamental a truth as the life hereafter. By kowtowing to the Roman overlords, they had maintained peace of a

St. Peter addressed Christians when he said of Christ: "You have crucified and slain Him"

sort and accumulated profit. More or less indifferent to Christ as a religious leader, they reacted vehemently to His kingship—a claim not only alleged but disconcertingly well established. Rather than jeopardize their cozy status enjoyed under Roman patronage, they attempted to render to Caesar the things that are God's. In the attempt, they brought upon themselves and upon their children the Blood of a God-Man!

AMONG Jews, the Supreme Court was known as the Sanhedrin. Supposedly, only the most qualified selectmen among the Jews could be members of the Sanhedrin. According to law, the number of judges to hear a given case depended upon the gravity of the charge and of the punishment attached. For any crime involving capital punishment, twenty-three judges were required. But the charges against Christ were so grave as to call for a full court of seventy-one.

The president of the Great Sanhedrin was not necessarily the high priest. At this time, the presidency was held by Gamaliel—the tutor of Saul of Tarsus. But the dominant influences in the official conspiracy against Christ were Caiphas the high priest, and his father-in-law, Annas—the former high priest who had been deposed by the Romans.

That Our Saviour was taken first to Annas was no mere gesture of courtesy to the onetime high priest. He was the ablest diplomat among them, seasoned by years of experience in Roman-Jewish problems, and was still regarded by his own people as the legitimate high priest. Annas queried his Prisoner as to "His disciples and His doctrine." According to correct legal procedure, both points of the interrogatory were out of order—an attempt to convict a person "from his own mouth" and to elicit an incriminating statement in reference to absentees. The latter point—endangering the safety of His followers—Our Lord ignored altogether. To the first, He retorted with a majestic candor: "I have spoken openly to the world . . . and in secret I have spoken nothing. Why asketh thou Me?"

Among the Jews, the preponderance of consideration was decidedly in favor of the person accused or suspected. He was not allowed to say anything prejudicial to himself! The judge was supposed to so interpret the law as to shield the accused from the least shadow of injustice, and even to quest for extenuating circumstances. Were the accused to make a statement detrimental to himself, such a statement was to be entirely disbelieved. For the prosecution of a trial, witnesses were indispensable: practically speaking, they were the prosecutors. The judge was to function as a counsel for the accused. With this in mind, it is obvious that Annas exceeded

his competence. The illegality of his procedure was clearly implied in the retort of his Prisoner: "Why asketh thou Me? Ask them who have heard what I have spoken unto them."

In criminal cases, a man could be tried and vindicated on the same day. If found guilty, however, the sentence of condemnation was to be postponed until the following day. In holding court during the night hours, for a case involving capital punishment, the high priests were guilty of a flagrant disregard for procedure. By the time Our Lord had been sent from Annas to Caiphas, it was far into the night. Were they to observe the law, that Thursday night, there could be no trial until after the Passover festival—nine days in the future. In less time than that, the followers of Christ might organize a rescue, the arrogant Roman procurator might interfere, or the elusive Prisoner might disappear in some mystifying way. "Annas sent Him," bound, to Caiphas the high priest."

Saint Mark records that despite all

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► The mercy of God is as a rushing torrent: in its passage it carries with it all hearts.

—CONTEXT

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laws to the contrary, "the chief priests and all the council sought for evidence against Jesus, that they might put Him to death, and found none. For many bore false witness against Him and their evidences were not agreeing." Whereupon Caiphas abandoned the stratagem of unsuccessful perjury, and resorted to badgering interrogation. Though urged by Caiphas to refute the charges alleged against Him, Our Lord "held His peace." But had He remained silent when asked a direct question as to His own identity, it might have been construed as a denial. "I adjure thee by the living God that thou tell us if thou be the Christ, the Son of God!" To this question of unearthly and eternal importance, Our Saviour voiced the response for which He was to die cruelly, and by the truth of which He was to emerge triumphant from the tomb of death. Whereupon Caiphas declared: "What need we any further witnesses? You have heard the blasphemy. What think you? Who all condemned Him to be guilty of death."

To carry out a death sentence, the Jewish authorities needed the endorsement of Pilate, the Roman overlord. But to win his approval, the accusation had to be such as to provoke Gentile concern. Pilate would have disdained a mere religious indictment, no matter how important to his Jewish subjects. Hence, the charge was altered from

blasphemy to that of treason against the Gentile emperor. This tactic involved automatically a change in capital punishment—death, not by stoning, but by crucifixion.

By accusing Christ under the guise of a Roman offense, the Jews ran considerable risk. Were the Procurator to conduct his own trial with thorough independence, the Accused might be exonerated and freed. Exoneration came easily and swiftly, but Pilate was as much a weakling as a scoundrel, habituated to trickery and high-handed cruelty. His standing at Rome was insecure, and in a desperate maneuver to quiet his agitated provincials, he resorted first to compromise and finally to the extremes of cowardly injustice.

In accord with Roman legal procedure, the governor conducted his own interrogatory. "What accusation bring you against this man?" The first reply of the Jews was both impudent and vague: "If He were not a malefactor, we would not have delivered Him up to thee!" To which Pilate retorted: "Take Him you, and judge Him according to your law." The Jews began then to press definite charges. "We have found this man perverting our nation, and forbidding to give tribute to Caesar, and saying that he is Christ the king." The alleged perversion was ambiguous and at most a Jewish problem. The second charge was patently untrue. Pilate heeded only the third item of accusation, and on this point addressed himself to Christ. On the basis of the Prisoner's response, the Procurator was evidently satisfied that nothing traitorous was involved, for he dismissed the charge as unfounded. "I find no fault in this man." There and then the Roman trial ended with acquittal. The incredible developments that followed are well described as "a downward course of weakness that passed through all the phases of alternate bluster and subservency . . . until this Roman remains photographed forever as the perfect feature of the unjust judge."

IN reviewing the guilt of those who plotted the death of Our Lord, we should review also the ultimate purposes of the Almighty in permitting the tragedy of Calvary. "He was wounded for our iniquities, for the chastisement of our peace was upon Him, and by His bruises we are healed." No wonder, then, that in preaching Christ Crucified to the early converts, Saint Peter declared: "Through the hands of wicked men, you have crucified and slain Him!" In this connection, it is a solemn thing to realize that from the cross, Our Lord prayed for His assailants in proportion to their ignorance: "For they know not what they do." But we are professed followers of Christ!



SIGN POST

• The SIGN POST is a service of instruction in the Catholic Faith and related matters for our subscribers. Letters containing questions should be addressed to The Sign Post, c/o THE SIGN, Union City, N. J. Please give full name and address as a sign of good faith. Neither initials nor place of residence will be printed except with the writer's consent. • Questions should be about the faith and history of the Catholic Church and related matters. • Questions should be kept separate from other business. • Questions are not answered by personal letter. • Matters of conscience and urgent moral cases should be brought to one's Pastor or Confessor. • Anonymous letters will not be considered.

Convert Attending Protestant Service: Promises of Mixed Marriage: Forgiveness of Sins

A non-Catholic man was considering marriage with a devout Catholic girl, but because these questions were not answered to his satisfaction, he stopped keeping company with her. (1) If he became a Catholic, why would it be sinful to attend Protestant church services with his mother and take an active part in them? He said, "God is God everywhere and so is Communion." (2) If he remained a Protestant, why did he have to sign papers to guarantee a Catholic baptism for his children. Didn't they have a right to choose their own religion? He said the signing of these papers was selfish and narrow-minded. (3) How can a priest—a human being—forgive sins?—K.

(1) Because he gave his allegiance, on the supposition of his conversion, to the Catholic Church, which alone is the true Church founded by Christ. All other churches were founded by men. The logic of facts, as well as the allegiance of faith, should show him that he could not in consistency believe in the divine character of the Catholic Church and also attend the worship of a false religion. God is, indeed, everywhere by virtue of His immensity, but He is not everywhere sacramentally. He is sacramentally present only in validly consecrated species of bread and wine, and for that valid reception of Holy Orders is necessary. (2) No non-Catholic has to sign papers of this kind, unless he wishes to marry a Catholic. Marriage is a free contract, but the Church to whom Christ committed the Sacraments has the power to lay down conditions in their administration, just as the State has in making civil contracts. The Church demands written guarantees from the non-Catholic party that he will not interfere with the religion of the Catholic party, and that all children will be baptized and brought up in the Catholic faith. Even the Catholic has to make this latter guarantee. It is no more against the freedom of the children to have them baptized and educated in the true faith than it is for children born in the United States to be citizens of this country without their consent. The Church, whose one aim is to save souls as was her Master's, could not in conscience allow her children to marry those not of the faith without making as sure as she can that the Catholic faith shall be preserved in the Catholic party and the children. Some non-Catholic denominations protest against these guarantees as an infringement of personal liberty. They neglect to consider that there is only one true Church, not many. If in good faith they believe their denomination is alone the true Church, to which all must belong under penalty

of damnation, they should in consistency follow the same policy. But most of them do not view religion in this way. They believe that one religion is as good as another. In this case, why object to the children of a mixed marriage being brought up as Catholics? This opposition to signing the guarantees might, however, be advantageous in the long run, if it prevented such marriages, because despite the signing of the promises, mixed marriages are a source of great leakage in the Church. (3) Man, as man, has no power to forgive sins, but man when given power by God for this purpose can forgive sins. The person in question does not seem to be familiar with the explicit bestowal of this power on the Apostles and their successors by Christ, when He said: "Receive ye the Holy Ghost; whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven them; and whose sins you shall retain, they are retained." (John 20:23).

Separation of Married Partners

I would like to know what in the eyes of Mother Church constitutes a legitimate reason for a woman to ask for a divorce from her husband.—C. S.

Divorce may be taken in two senses: complete and incomplete. The first means the bond of marriage is dissolved and the parties free to marry again during their lifetime; the second means their separation without dissolving the bond of marriage.

Marriage in the first sense, or dissolution of the bond, is forbidden by express divine law, as well as Canon Law (Canon 1118), in the case of ratified marriages between two baptized Christians that have been consummated. Only death dissolves the bond in such marriages. Incomplete divorce, or separation only, the bond remaining, may be granted by the Church, and it may be perpetual or temporary. Adultery when committed in the sense of Canons 1129 and 1130, is the only cause of perpetual separation. Canon 1131 gives a list of causes for the granting of a temporary separation: if one partner joins a non-Catholic sect; if he educates his children as non-Catholics; if he leads a shameful and criminal life; if he is an occasion of grave danger to the soul or body of the other partner; if through his cruelty conjugal life is rendered intolerable. These and other causes of like nature are for either partner legitimate causes of separation.

The Church realizes very well that some marriages are "for worse," and as a kind mother is willing to grant separation, but only as a last resort. The case is to be submitted to the Ordinary, but if there is danger in waiting for his decision and the grounds for separation are certain, temporary separation may be effected by the private authority of

the injured partner (Canon 1131). The Ordinary should be later informed of the action. Since married partners are bound to live a common life, unless a just cause excuses (Canon 1128), when the cause or causes of temporary separation cease, common life must be restored; or if the Ordinary has set a definite time, when that time has arrived. In the case of separation, children are to be cared for by the innocent party (Canon 1132).

The above gives the principles of Canon Law; in particular cases the decision rests with the proper authority.

Burial of Freemason

The late Juan Antonio Rios, President of Chile, was a Freemason. His picture appeared in several Masonic publications showing him dressed as a Freemason; however, he was given a Catholic burial and the Pope sent condolences to his family. Why the Catholic burial?—

A. S., ANCON, C. Z.

The Sign-Post cannot be expected to check the accuracy of statements made concerning individuals, nor is it inclined to do so. Since the church burial was a public fact, we limit our explanation to the Canon Law in the case. The Masonic Sect, as is well known, is a condemned society and Catholics who become members are excommunicated. According to Canon 1240 they are listed among those who are to be deprived of ecclesiastical burial, unless they give signs of repentance before death. Hence, it is possible for a Catholic who was a prominent Mason to be buried from the Catholic Church, if he repented before death. The Church, like her Divine Master, wishes to bring all souls to salvation, and repentance is one of the essential conditions to that end. In doubtful cases, the Ordinary may permit ecclesiastical burial, but in such a way that scandal is avoided. The Holy Father followed protocol by extending his sympathy to the bereaved family.

History of Anglican Church

The enclosed clipping says that the recent convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church held in Philadelphia passed a resolution "deploring the erroneous teaching in secular schools" on the beginnings of the Anglican Church and urging that the true history of its origin be given. Spokesmen said that the Anglican Church broke away from Rome two centuries before the reign of Henry VIII, when the English courts disowned the Roman Curia, and kings assumed the prerogative of appointing English Bishops without recourse to the Holy See. The final and complete break did not occur until 1562 in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. I would welcome the true story of the Anglican Church and its break from Rome.—

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The facts of history are stubborn things. In the case of the Anglican Church, or the Established Protestant Church of England, history teaches that the country was united with the Roman Pontiff up to the time of Henry VIII's break with the Church in 1534. He importuned the Pope to declare his marriage with Queen Katherine null and void. When the Pope refused, Henry repudiated the authority of the Roman Pontiff and had Parliament declare himself supreme head of the Church in England. The papal supremacy that Henry acknowledged by his appeal for a declaration of nullity was afterward repudiated when the Pope didn't favor his designs. In fact, before Henry repudiated the spiritual supremacy of the Pope he had written a refutation of the heresy of Martin Luther and in reward received from the Pope the title "Defender of the Faith," which title paradoxically is still retained by Protestant Kings in England,

though on their accession they pledge to live and defend the Protestant faith.

Henry nevertheless retained the old Catholic faith and punished those who denied the Mass and several other doctrines that were attacked by Luther and his followers. He also punished those who denied his royal supremacy over the Church in England, in spiritual matters as well as temporal. The religious situation was very involved after Henry made himself lay pope of the Church. He was succeeded by his son Edward VI, the child of his union with Ann Boleyn. Edward was but a boy and in the hands of Cranmer, who changed the doctrines and worship of the Church into Protestantism. Edward was succeeded by Mary, the daughter of Henry and Katherine. She undid the work of her father and brother and restored England to the unity of the Church in 1554. Elizabeth, the "Virgin Queen," followed Mary on the throne of England. Under her the rupture of England from the unity of the Church was completed and the "Church by Law Established" came into being as an independent Protestant Church. This Church has remained in the same condition up to the present time.

One can understand the desire of Anglicans (Protestant Episcopalians in the United States) to change their birth certificate, but the testimony of history is against them. Their plan to revise textbooks to fit in with their explanation of the origin of the Anglican Church by Law Established will not be in the service of truth.

Participants in Catholic Marriage

Is it necessary that all participants in every kind of Catholic wedding should be members of the Catholic Church?—P.C., WASHINGTON, D. C.

We may distinguish two kinds of marriages entered into before a Catholic priest and according to the rules governing marriage: (a) a Catholic marriage, and (b) a mixed marriage. The first is between two baptized Catholics; the second between a baptized Catholic and a non-Catholic, with the proper dispensation. Therefore, it is not true that all the parties in every kind of marriage entered into according to the laws of the Catholic Church are Catholics.

The best man and bridesmaid—called in Church law the witnesses—should be Catholics, but this rule is not absolute. The Ordinary of the diocese may for a serious reason permit a non-Catholic to act as official witness.

Reason of Index of Forbidden Books

A sincere non-Catholic asked me why the Church has an index of forbidden books. His attitude was that the Church must be afraid that Catholics would lose their faith by reading anti-faith books forbidden by the Church. He seemed to think this a sign of weakness.

His attitude is substantially correct, but he does not appreciate its significance. Faith and virtue are the highest goods of the soul and therefore they must be scrupulously guarded against injury and loss. Don't people safeguard their material property against injury and loss? How much more the spiritual goods of the soul? In secular education there is something similar to the Church's index. Would the State of New York, for instance, allow the teaching of Fascism and anti-Semitism in the public schools? And should not the Church, which was founded by Our Lord to lead souls out of spiritual error and vice, in order to bring them to eternal salvation, safeguard her children from moral corruption here and eternal damnation hereafter? As to his objection, you might as well say that a person ought not to avoid eating tainted food because he is healthy. Error and vice are bad for everybody, not only Catholics.

I AM opposed to the closed shop for the same reason that I am opposed to the "yellow dog" contract and to the "open shop," which was in fact the closed antiunion shop, in which no union men were allowed to work except in unusual circumstances of a most temporary nature. I am opposed to the closed shop for the same reason that I am opposed to unregulated monopolies or to the intrusion of one-party, totalitarian systems into American social, economic, or political life.

The closed shop is not necessary for the development of sound trade unionism either as a matter of history or a matter of theory. In England, France, and Sweden it was possible for trade unionism to grow strong without the closed shop. In America the Railway Brotherhoods have never depended upon the closed shop for their strength and development. The right of *free* association is the foundation of the right to form trade unions. American laws which protect the worker's right to form labor organizations do no more than vindicate a natural-law right of a human person to form *free* associations, of which the closed shop is the antithesis.

Not one of the common purposes or objectives of trade unionism would be morally valid unless it was subordinated to ethics and to moral theology. Moreover, not one of these objectives would be valid unless it was subordinated to the common good of the state. In other words, there are ethical and political values to which even the legitimate aspirations of workers must be ordained. In the concrete, the closed shop can only be justified upon the assumption that the particular union involved is the unique and infallible method of aiding the worker in the achievement of ends always consistent with moral principles and the common good. I deny that any such assumption is valid.

Controversies between employers and employees in the main fall into two broad categories divided by a fuzzy demarcation. In the first category are all those natural-law rights which the state protects by just legislation and which are rather universally accepted without serious debate; for example, the right of the worker to form trade organizations, to choose collective-bargaining agencies, and to bargain collectively with employers. Only antilabor bigots contest such rights.

In the second category are a vast number of seriously debatable issues which have divided labor and management. These issues are not necessarily or always the result of animosity. They arise, because of the limitations of human knowledge, even between informed and competent men of good will. They concern the remote and contingent means of common good, whether this

particular plan or that will better achieve the purpose. No one can ever settle these things infallibly. In dealing with such issues, the closed shop is merely a device which concentrates on the strength of one of the parties to the dispute without regard to the merits of the controversy; it can be a mere coalition of private interests from which, as a matter of practice, political and ethical thought is too often absent. Therefore, there is no necessary reason in fact or principle why it should oblige individual workers or be a substitute for their consciences or freedom of choice.

In opposing the closed shop I am not particularly impressed by those arguments which consider the closed shop as an invasion of the employer's right to hire whom he wills in his plant. At best, such a right is not absolute. But by the same token neither has the union (by the closed shop) an absolute right to determine which worker shall work for a given employer.

I do not think it is possible to urge that the closed shop is always and in its very nature a moral evil. It depends upon the circumstances, motives, and purposes. However, it is not the function of the law to forbid only what is

inherently and *per se* evil. On the contrary, the law is often a generalized formula forbidding or at least strictly regulating that which (human nature being what it is) takes on the aspect of an *average* evil, i.e. an evil verified in the generality of cases.

The closed shop is, on the average, an evil. That is my point.

It is necessarily a denial of the right of *free* association. It is an apolitical abridgment of a worker's freedom to differ from his fellows. The imperatives binding all men to a sincere service of God are more urgent than any imperative which might drive a man into the ranks of the trade union movement. Yet no one today suggests that any form of group coercion should be placed upon human freedom for the sake of making men serve God. By the same logic why force someone, under threat of losing his job, to serve a union?

Unions taken in the concrete together with their particular tactics are not necessarily calculated to inspire every single member of an industry with confidence in them. Even if a worker is assumed to have a moral obligation to join a union, or to refrain from those selfish motivations which might keep him from joining a union, the case for coercion against an individual employee by a private group, like a trade union, has not been made out beyond all dispute. If the failure of workers to follow their best interests by joining the trade union movement jeopardizes the common good, that is a matter for the state, with its coercive sanctions, and not for the coercive powers of private organizations like trade unions. Lord Acton's famous phrase about the corruptive influence of power applies to trade union monopolies as well as to employer monopolies or political monopolies. It is a matter of social history that most trade unions which have fought undeviatingly for a closed shop have been guilty of oppressive and monopolistic tactics.

Moreover, the closed shop by its corrupting permanence is a threat to the freedom of the spirit in another way:

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The Closed Shop—

YES

By GODFREY P. SCHMIDT



Godfrey P. Schmidt

Should It Be Outlawed?

NO

By MARTIN C. KYNE

THE issue of the closed shop has today become the favorite butt of antilabor forces in the United States. Such a statement will appear to some to be bitter and unfair. They will point out that there are many sincere supporters of labor who want to see a strong and well-organized trade union movement and who yet strongly oppose the whole idea of a closed shop. In other words, they would draw a sharp distinction between the question of unionization and that of the closed shop, supporting the one and rejecting the other, sometimes even going so far as to claim that the closed shop is fundamentally inimical to a free American labor movement.

It is our contention, on the other hand, that not only is the closed shop not inimical to the trade union movement, but it is in fact its culmination. Because of the close relation between the two and the fact that the closed shop is the direct outgrowth of unionization, we maintain that those who today attack the closed shop also attack trade unionism as such, whether they realize it or not. So much dust has been raised over the question, however, that we can no longer see the issue for what it is and judge it on its merits.

It will help considerably to clarify the issue if we try to see the long-range aim which labor has in view in proposing and defending the closed shop. Now if there is any one idea that sums up the hopes and aspirations of labor, it is the idea of democracy. We in America are among the fortunate of the world in the success we have had in the development of democracy as a way of life. While we must continually fight for that ideal, we know in our hearts that we have something to be

proud of in the way we have realized democracy in the political field. Certainly, there still remains much to do and correct, but we have succeeded in realizing the essence by building up a great nation on the principle of self-government with all that it implies by way of respecting and protecting the essential rights of man as man.

Yet we also know that the democratic ideal is not exhausted by realization in the political field. Once it starts to live, it also carries over as an ideal into the social and the economic field. The history of the labor movement is nothing less than the history of the effort to apply and realize the democratic ideal in the economic field. Labor's battle has been and still is nothing other than the effort to make self-government and respect for the dignity of man a reality in the daily life of man as a worker. Since the trade union is the means whereby this is possible, labor wants to see every worker as naturally a union member as a man is a citizen in this democracy of ours. The closed shop is the realization of this ideal. For by the closed shop we mean no more than that a man as a worker should of right be a member of the union which governs workers' relations in the place where he works.

Many arguments are brought against the closed shop, but only one of them is really fundamental. This is the charge that the closed shop "forces" a worker to be a member of a union and to that extent denies him his right and liberty to work, depriving him of his condition as a free agent. This readily gives rise to the charge that the closed shop is antidemocratic and opposed to a "free" labor movement.

Perhaps the first thing to be noted about this charge is that it is identical



Martin C. Kyne

with the argument which used to be brought against the labor union as such. Those whose memory is long enough will remember that the labor union in its early days was attacked as destroying the worker's freedom to contract directly with his employer. This freedom supposedly consisted in the worker and employer meeting each other as individuals and agreeing on the terms of work. The result, as is now generally recognized, involved neither freedom nor equality, since there was none to begin with. The freedom and equality of the worker was almost entirely confined to his ability to work and his desperate need of it to keep himself and his family alive. The employer was in the position of dictating the conditions with little fear of any consequences, since he could always count on other men working for him if one should refuse.

The organization of the individual workers into unions of their own has remedied that condition to a considerable extent. The worker today through his union comes closer to being on an equality with the employer in bargaining over the terms of work, and is approximating something like freedom of choice with regard to the terms. The worker through his union can today afford to say "no" to outrageous terms, although it should be recognized that he cannot say it with anything like the assurance of the employer, who generally has much more to fall back upon than any worker has even with the help of his union.

The concerted attack of management upon the closed shop today is redolent of nostalgia for those "good old days" of the yellow dog contract, the lock-out, and the injunction when they had

[Continued on Page 52]

Whether all employees in a given plant should or should not be obliged to join a union is no simple question

Our Lady of the Snow

by Bruce Marshall

Illustrated by DOM LUPO

They rechristened him Francis Ignatius Dominic, but he was still Sambo, and still black. A meaningful story delicately done by the author of "The World, the Flesh, and Father Smith"

WHEN Sambo came blubbering and hungry to the convent of Our Lady of the Snow, the nuns naturally took him in, because it was a charity commended by God to succor little waifs of seven. Besides, they knew that Our Lord loved black children just as much as He loved white ones, because He had died for them, too. They had him baptized, of course, because, although Father McGonigal said that Protestant baptism was valid enough when the intention was right and the water flowed properly, it was just possible that Sambo had never been baptized at all, in these strange days, with heretics believing in all sorts of things, from the gold standard to Veronica Lake.

They rechristened him Francis Ignatius Dominic, because Sister Mary Teresa said that he ought to have as many protectors as possible and that Sambo wasn't really a Christian name at all, because there had never been a Saint Sambo—at least not as far as she was aware there hadn't—not a real hundred per cent sort of saint, like St. Peter who had been crucified upside down or St. Lawrence who had been roasted on a grid; and even if Sambo himself became a saint, as it was God's purpose that he should, one couldn't very well imagine anybody in a hundred years after his death praying "*Sancte Sambo, ora pro nobis.*"

But Sambo showed no signs of becoming a saint, even though Father McGonigal gave him special instruction in the catechism all to himself

and Sister Mary Teresa explained that Christian doctrine was really and truly true, because it had been revealed to the Church by Almighty God Himself, who could neither deceive nor be deceived.

To begin with, he refused to answer to his new Christian names, even when Sister Mary Teresa told him over and over again that he ought to like them because they were lovely, shining names which were worn by great and good men in heaven: St. Francis who had loved the poor and preached to the birds, St. Ignatius who had first been a soldier and then started fighting for Jesus, and St. Dominic, to whom Our Lady herself had revealed the sweet devotion of the Rosary.

"Francis, even though you are black, that is no excuse for not washing behind your ears," Sister Mary Teresa would say, but Sambo would look at her out of two great, staring eyes like peppermint balls seen longways up and do nothing about it. Or "Ignatius," she would try, "Ignatius, what about igniting the charcoal for Benediction," or "Dominic, Reverend Mother wants you to fetch her breviary from the choir stalls," and Sambo would do even less about it.

But Sister Agnes Perpetua, who was young and pretty and came from Ireland, had only to say "Sambo, please" or "Sambo dear" for ears to be washed at once, charcoal to blaze so wildly that it nearly set the sacristy on fire, and Reverend Mother to be carried the great red and gold missal as well

as her breviary. Sister Mary Teresa called this giving in to Sambo and at recreation whispered to more than one nun that she had always thought Sister Agnes Perpetua just a little bit *worldly* and that all those flighty dances she had been to in Dublin couldn't really have done her soul any good. Which was really very wrong of Sister Mary Teresa because even if Sister Agnes Perpetua had once worn pretty dresses and had brushed her golden hair out in long tresses in front of mirrors, she was a very holy nun nowadays, as anybody could tell who had seen her standing through the long Gospel on Good Friday or kneeling before the Blessed Sacrament.

Perhaps it was because Sister Agnes Perpetua succeeded where she failed that Sister Mary Teresa began to be especially severe with Sambo over his second great fault, which was his inability to grasp the great, clear mathematic of Christian doctrine. "Sambo," she would ask, for in the end she





Sister Agnes Perpetua had only to say "Sambo, please" or "Sambo dear" for ears to be washed...

had to give in about Francis and Ignatius and Dominic, "Sambo, how many Persons are there in the Holy and Indivisible Trinity?" "Sure, Sis Mary Tresa, that's easy; in the Holy and Invisible Trinity there are seven deadly Persons," Sambo would answer, and Sister Mary Teresa would say what was the good of her trying to teach Sambo about Our Lord at all when he kept mixing things up like that. Time after time she explained to him that the Blessed Trinity was really like a leaf of clover which had three separate leaves and yet was one clover, but Sambo always kept thinking they were seven or even sixteen, although he understood about God and Jesus and the Holy Ghost separately all right and Our Lady and St. Joseph as well.

In the end, Sister Mary Teresa asked Father McGonigal to preach a special sermon about the Trinity in the chapel, but the Bishop himself turned up unexpectedly and looked so severe sitting on his throne in cope and mitre

that Father McGonigal lost his head and said: "The mystery of the Blessed Trinity is such a great mystery that the greatest doctors of the Church have never been able to explain it. My dear brethren in Jesus Christ, I shall now proceed to explain the great mystery of the Blessed Trinity." Whereupon Sambo, who was one of the acolytes in the sanctuary, giggled out loud.

Apart, however, from his inability to photograph the furniture of heaven correctly, and the fact that he was always ringing sanctuary bells and bringing in the incense at the wrong time, Sambo didn't give Sister Mary Teresa much cause for complaint, because he really understood the common sense of the world being "about" God and saving your soul and not "about" stock exchanges and having a good time.

Perhaps Sister Mary Teresa was sorry that he wasn't naughtier than he was, because although she was a nun she came from Virginia and knew that little black children weren't quite the

same as little white children, whatever the holy doctors and confessors might have said about the matter. Once she scolded him for not answering the priest's *Orate fratres* correctly, but she couldn't keep it up for long, because even she couldn't fail to understand that "*Suscipiat Dominus sacrificium de manibus tuis, ad laudem et gloriam nominis sui, ad utilitatem quoque nostram totiusque Ecclesiae suae sanctae*" was rather a mouthful for a small boy. Of course, she knew that it was wrong of her always to be wanting to pitch into Sambo, but by a quick twist of her conscience she managed to persuade herself that it was good for him, however bad it might be for her.

One day she thought that she had caught him in a bad fault. Watching him over the edge of her missal, she observed that he was smiling all over

his little black face as, in his miles-too-long scarlet cassock, he bustled about the sanctuary, serving Father McGonigal at Mass. When she went into the sacristy afterward, she was so angry that she could scarcely speak.

"Tell me, boy, why do you grin like an ape when you're serving Mass?" she asked him.

"Sure, Sis Mary Teresa," Sambo answered without hesitation, "I grin like an ape because I am happy to be in the house of the Lord."

This answer stumped her but only for a minute; and she was about to deliver a little lecture about it being Sambo's duty to refrain from manifesting his pleasure in case it should be mistaken for irreverence, when that great silly clodhopper of a Father McGonigal brogued out:

"Faith and it is better indade to be a doorkeeper in the house of the Lord than to dwell in the tents of ungodliness."

Sister Mary Teresa gave his great, holy, Irish bumpkin face a glower of disapproval and marched off in a high boil, although later she had to confess through the grille that, bless her, Father, she had committed the sin of spiritual pride.

AT last she really did catch Sambo in what she was sure was a first-class sin. Sambo was the only child who lived in the convent with the nuns, but there were lots of other children who came there for lessons, because the nuns belonged to a teaching order. These other children were mostly little girls, but there were little boys as well, and they were all white children and had rich parents and brought special slippers with them to school in white bags tied up tight round the neck on Wednesdays, when they had dancing classes.

Sambo wasn't allowed to attend these dancing classes, because Sister Mary Teresa explained to him that it was not really right for little black children to mix freely with little white children who were superior to little black children because Jesus and His Holy Mother and all the saints were white, and anyway dancing was a distraction if it wasn't exactly a sin and so Sambo might be grateful for not being allowed to take dancing lessons, because like that he'd be able to save his soul more easily.

Sambo hadn't quite understood this argument, and he understood it even less when Sister Agnes Perpetua said to him that even yet she sometimes felt that she would like to do a twirl or two on a highly polished floor, and that she didn't think the desire a sin because after all one could dance a

Sambo would peep in through the window, his nose flattened against the glass



polka to the greater glory of our Blessed Lord just as one could recite the litany of the saints or walk barefoot to Compostella in Spain, where the apostle St. James was buried and about which she knew a lovely little poem:—

*Compostella
La bella
No se ve
Hasta que este
En ella.*

The words seemed beautiful to Sambo and he repeated them over and over until he learned them by heart, although he could never remember what they meant, however many times Sister Agnes Perpetua told him. But Sister Agnes Perpetua said it didn't matter at all not knowing what they meant, but that what mattered was knowing that they meant the great, happy, medieval Catholic country of Spain where men and women had dedicated their pleasures as well as their pains to God, beginning village dances with a *Gloria* and ending them with an *Adoremus*.

Sister Agnes Perpetua looked very grave as she said this, graver than Sambo had ever seen her look before, and she went on to say that that was wrong with the world today and that if people would only learn to offer up their enjoyment to God with beautiful words instead of to the devil with ugly ones they might love Our Lord more.

Sambo had never understood about people not loving Our Lord, because it seemed to him that one would have to be very wicked indeed not to love Our Lord, but he was sure that Sister Agnes Perpetua was right in what she said about offering up enjoyment to God with beautiful words, and he thought that

*Compostella
La bella
No se ve
Hasta que este
En ella*

were about the most beautiful words he had ever heard in his life.

Although he wasn't allowed to dance with the children, Sambo was permitted to stand outside in the garden

and peep in through the window, flattening his nose against the glass and breathing a mist all over the pane. One day as he watched he noticed that the children weren't looking at all happy as they danced, but wore sad, sober expressions on their faces just as though they had eaten too much and were going to be sick; and through the top of the window, which was open, came the sound of the song they were singing, which didn't seem to be a holy song at all and of which the words were:

"See the robbers passing by,
"See the robbers passing by,
My fair lady."

Watching their solemn faces, Sambo came quickly to the conclusion that the reason they weren't smiling was because they were singing a worldly song about robbers instead of a lovely song about Jesus Christ and His angels or a praise to Mary. Was this what Sister Agnes Perpetua had meant when she had talked about people offering up their enjoyment to the devil with ugly words?

Sambo didn't hesitate for long before he did what he instinctively felt to be his duty. Rushing into the parlor, he interrupted the dance and gathered the children about him and told them that it was wrong to be singing about robbers passing by when they might be singing holy words like "*Compostella la bella*," which if they weren't exactly about Jesus were at least about a place in Spain where lay the body of St. James the Apostle who had loved Jesus a lot.

THE children liked Sambo and they liked the strange words which he taught them and said they thought they could dance to them just as well as to the other words. The young dancing mistress, who wasn't a nun, entered into the fun of the thing and said that she didn't mind their singing the new words at all, provided they managed to sing them to the same time, as she didn't feel that she was clever enough to make up new music specially. The best thing, she said, would be for Sambo to stay and dance with them, and sing the new words out very loud, so that the other children could sing them after him. So Sambo stayed and everybody laughed a lot when Sambo and a little pink and white girl were caught between the arms of the two biggest girls together.

But nobody laughed at all when Sister Mary Teresa strode in with her great rope of rosary rattling all over her black habit and stood staring at them in silence until they stood and stared in silence too. What would their parents think if they saw their children carrying on like that? she said. And

A Fat Part

► The class was studying *The Merchant of Venice* when in walked a very corpulent inspector. He showed great interest, and told the boys he thought it one of the best of Shakespeare's dramas.

"I played for several years in *The Merchant of Venice*," he boasted to the students. "What part do you think I took?"

From the back of the room came a decidedly loud whisper:
"The pound of flesh."



what on earth did Miss Cullen think she was doing? she said. And what, for that matter, did they all think they were doing? she said. She made no end of a rumpus and gave them all a good blowing up but Sambo got a good blowing up to himself as well.

No, no, she wouldn't listen to a word of what Sambo had to say. The very idea of it! Children in the convent of Our Lady of the Snow were not taught to sing worldly songs when they danced, and as for Sister Agnes Perpetua, she would speak to Reverend Mother about her. Once and for all Sambo must get it into his head that it was not fitting for little black children to dance with little white children, and once again if Sambo wanted to know the reason it was because Jesus and Mary and all the Saints were white and so white people were called to a higher station in life than black people.

And Sambo said what if he were to become a saint, would Jesus turn him white when he got to heaven? Whereupon Sister Mary Teresa said not to talk heresy and that she was as cross as two sticks and that for that Sambo wouldn't be allowed to carry the Bishop's mitre when he came to the convent for the patronal feast next Sunday, but would only be allowed to go up into the tribune round the dome and throw down the white confetti to symbolize the snow our Blessed Lady had let fall on the fifth of August in the year three hundred and fifty-five on the ground in Rome on which she had wished the basilica of Santa Maria Maggiore to be built.

Sambo was sorry that he wasn't allowed to carry the Bishop's mitre, but he liked being up in the tribune all right, watching the confetti flutter out into a white rain as he threw it down and far away down below the Bishop tied tight in his vestments on his throne and Father McGonigal, who was deacon, chanting the Gospel out in a holy haze of incense. Father McGonigal was preaching too and, as he watched him wind his way up the steps of the pulpit, Sambo wondered if he would say some-

thing funny like he often did when the Bishop was there, something funny not on purpose, of course.

And, sure enough, Father McGonigal did say something funny for instead of saying "In heaven where the blessed kneel their holy poses," he made another of his bloomers and said "In heaven where the blessed peel their holy noses." Sambo laughed so much that one of the pillars of the tribune gave way and he fell down on the stone floor of the sanctuary.

They all knelt round to watch Sambo die, the Bishop in his gorgeous vestments and the deacons and the nuns, and Sister Mary Teresa wept the wettest of them all, because she had been so unkind to Sambo when he was running about and well and because she knew that it was her fault that he had been up in the tribune at all.

"Sambo, Sambo, can you ever forgive me?" she murmured in the intervals between the Bishop's prayers.

"Singing, I hear singing," Sambo said.

"*Compostella,
La bella
No se ve
Hasta que este
En ella*

—that's what they're singing."

And when Sister Agnes Perpetua explained that the words meant "*Compostella*, the beautiful, can't be seen until you are inside her," and that *Compostella* was the place in Spain whither pilgrims used to come from all over the world to visit the tomb of St. James, Sister Mary Teresa was sure that this was the angels' way of telling Sambo that he wouldn't really be able to see heaven until his soul had passed within its golden gates.

"Sambo, soon you'll see; just a little longer and you'll see our Blessed Lady herself all beautiful and young and shining and white," Sister Mary Teresa said.

"I think I see her now, and she's sure done a heresy because she's turned as black as me," Sambo said, but Sambo couldn't tell Sister Mary Teresa about any of the other lovely black saints he saw, because Sambo was dead.

The Odyssey of Somebody's Can of Soup

A SIGN PICTURE STORY

The many small donations to War Relief Services, N.C.W.C., have pyramided into the big business of effective charity

With the end of UNRRA, a new and compelling problem faces Americans. It is winter, and for millions in other lands there are not enough clothes to keep warm, not enough food to keep body and soul together. Because the homeless and the helpless are not knocking at our back doors, the demands of Christian charity and ordinary human decency are not the less urgent. This is the problem Americans must face, those Americans who want to help, whether from their own abundance or from their own poverty. Through the organized channels of War Relief Services, N. C. W. C., American Catholics can face that problem. They can give a little or a lot, in money or in kind, and know that their gift will be effective.

For the War Relief Services is a big business built out of a multitude of small offerings. In the last fiscal year it shipped 55,187,224 pounds of relief goods to thirty-six countries. There were 679 shipments, and the value of the goods was \$15,325,388.13. To such sums of impressive charity have the many little acts of charity added up.

To those who have given cans of food or items of clothing in their own local parish, it is of interest to see just how that can of soup or discarded dress or pair of shoes found its way to the Philippines or Poland, to Madagascar or Finland. From your pantry or closet to Europe or the Far East is a long distance. It was only the big business of charity built by the War Relief Services, N. C. W. C., that made the journey possible.



Journey's end for somebody's can of soup. In Paris these hungry little ones are made happy, not with toys or candy, but soup. Over 6,000,000 lbs. of relief goods went to France last year.



The journey began in parishes all over the U. S. Last December 24,600,000 cans of food were collected. New York's Cardinal Spellman lends his hand to collectors.



Clothes too are assembled and carefully sorted. The N. C. C. W. has many sewing brigades who will repair or remake the garments before they are shipped overseas.



In the War Relief Services' warehouses, the sorting machine separates canned goods into fifty-six categories. Every 24 hrs. 330,000 lbs. are sorted and packed.



A regular assembly line is set up to handle the heavy wooden cases in which the relief goods are packed. Here a nailing machine has put the lids on the cases.



Clothes and food are on their way by truck to wharves. Poland was the country that received most aid last year—twenty shipments valued at almost \$3,000,000.



War Relief Services has its own ship. Since its inception in 1943, WRS has distributed relief goods worth more than \$100,000,000 in forty-eight countries.



The last leg of the journey for the can of soup the hungry youngsters on the opposite page so evidently relish. Charity has reached from your pantry to Paris.



Little DP's in Germany, standing in line, waiting for food. Only a couple of the world's children who suffer hunger and cold. What American can refuse them aid!

Peewee and the Heathen Baby

ABIGAIL
QUIGLEY
MC CARTHY

Illustrated by MAY BURKE

IT WAS the Friday after New Year's. Peewee Honder didn't expect much of it as a day. It was the day vacation ended. And, secondly, it was the day for collection on his new paper route. But he didn't expect things to get as complicated as they did.

Sister Louisine was in the middle of explaining about heathen babies to the third and fourth grade when Sister Superior came in with Angela Hocking. Everybody was listening very intently, partly because it was the day for catechism instead of Bible history and it was good to put off reciting as long as possible. But it was interesting, too, to hear about the way the missionaries had to go around to dump piles and pick up the little babies the Chinese people couldn't take care of. Sister Superior opened the door so softly that it was almost a minute before they realized that she was there and bumped out of their seats to stand in ragged lines, chanting, "Good morning, Sister!"

"Good morning, children. Sit down, children," said Sister Superior in a businesslike way and pushed Angela before her toward Sister Louisine. Angela didn't look at all scared up there in front of the room. She stood up straight in her Christmas sweater and skirt and pushed her brown bangs aside for a good look, first at Sister Louisine, then at the class. She saw Peewee sliding into his seat on the fourth grade side and grinned at him.

"This is Angela Hocking, Sister," said Sister Superior rapidly, "She has just transferred from the West Side School. I hope you can find a place for her." She gave Angela a final little pat on the shoulder and turned to the door without waiting to see if Sister Louisine really could.

"Good-bye, Sister, come again, Sister," shouted the third and fourth graders, banging up from their seats as the door closed. They stood staring

at the new girl until Sister Louisine waved them down again and asked Angela what grade she was in.

"Fourth, ma'am," said Angela clearly and handed Sister her report card. Sister looked at it and then looked over the fourth grade.

"I can see that the fourth graders are going to have competition if you keep up these marks, Angela," she said absently. "For the time being you can take that vacant seat beside Jean Schwenger. You will have time to get acquainted with your new classmates at recess."

"Oh, I know some already, ma'am," said Angela. "I know the Theis boys and Joe Johnson, and I know Peewee Honder real well. We live right next to his house."

"Call me 'Sister', Angela," said Sister Louisine. She hadn't seemed to notice the rest of the new girl's answer, but the fourth grade was electrified. A wave of giggles and nudges followed Angela down the aisle to her seat. Peewee Honder turned a deep, painful red. That Angela Hocking! You could see she didn't know anything about going to the Catholic school. She talked to Sisters just like they were anybody. Calling them 'ma'am'! And not knowing that girls didn't play with boys. Not at school. Maybe at home in their own neighborhoods. But not here at school where there was a boys' playground and a girls' playground and boys' ranks and girls' ranks—here she had stood right up there and talked about Willie and Ted and Joe and him. Especially him. Peewee groaned.

He could hardly hear Sister Louisine as she went back over what she had already said about heathen babies and started to tell how, they, the third and fourth graders, could save some of these poor little children. He was picturing Carlie Wirtz at recess time, jeering at him because of a girl. Sure,

he knew her. Sure, they had played together every day since she had moved in next door. Angela was a swell skater and she wasn't a bit afraid to take a good run with her sled and belly-flop all the way from the top of Hudson's Hill. And she could think of swell games to play in the house when you came home. Why did she have to be so dumb about the way things were at school? Now he would probably have to fight Carlie before he would let up.

Between them Peewee and Carlie ran an unsteady, hardly acknowledged race for the leadership of the fourth grade. Peewee was the fastest runner. He thought he was a better fighter, although he and Carlie had never really brought it to the test. He was smarter in school, too. But Carlie's father was rich. Carlie had lots to brag about—he had been all the way to California with his family one winter. Sometimes on Saturdays he had bunches of boys out to play on the farm.

Sister's chair grated on the platform and Peewee jerked. Could she tell that he hadn't been paying attention? But she turned to the blackboard and started to print very neatly:

Heathen Baby contest—4th grade

Boys.....Girls

She printed the same thing on the third grade side of the board. Then she printed between the two signs, "All for the Holy Child Jesus." She smiled at the class and wiped the chalk from her fingers.

"We will see who ransoms a heathen baby first—the little third graders or the big fourth graders. If the boys bring the most money they will name the baby. If the girls bring the most money, they will. Now, let's see if we can't be the very first room in school to do our bit for the missionaries. We will have our first collection after prayer this noon—unless some of you would like to make contributions now."

She was hardly finished when Carlie Wirtz was on his feet clattering up the aisle in his new high boots. His new corduroy breeches squeaked. He had quite a time fishing into the coin pocket, but he finally pulled out fifteen cents and came back to his seat looking very pleased with himself. Sister printed

Peewee and Carlie ran a steady, unacknowledged race for leadership of the fourth grade. Now it was time for a showdown—and Peewee was worried

15c on the board, then 20, then 25, as other boys followed Carlie's lead. But nobody gave as much. That Carlie with his new boots and breeches! Peewee smarted. He could bring money, too. He had some paper money left from last week at home, the twenty cents he always saved for cowboy night at the show. Well, he'd miss the show this week, that's all. But Carlie was ahead. It seemed to Peewee somehow that it was Angela Hocking's fault. No girl had made Carlie look silly.

At recess time it was worse than he had feared. The girls' ranks preceded the boys down the big central stairs, and when the biggest boys came stampeding out the door they almost ran Angela down. Behind her a little knot of girls stood watching and giggling. Peewee knew with sick certainty that she was waiting for him. If he could only get by her!

But Angela didn't understand at all. "Hi, there, Peewee!" she called gladly while he hesitated in the hall. Carlie Wirtz whooped.

"Yay, Peewee, there's your girl," he shouted. "Hey, you guys, Peewee's got a girl!"

"You take that back!" yelled Peewee furiously. He charged at Carlie, who danced away just out of reach. "I have not! I have not got a girl! You take that back!" He chased Carlie out into the street almost over to Old Lady Bishop's house. Carlie dodged showily

and doubled back. The other boys followed, yelling encouragement.

Peewee made a furious rush and caught Carlie just at the edge of the boy's side. You couldn't exactly say it was a fight, and you couldn't exactly say he won, but he was on top when Sister Peter got there. Sister Peter had charge of boys' side at recess. Without saying a word she marched them both into the building. As they went in the door Peewee caught a glimpse of Angela standing alone at the edge of girls' side. He felt a twinge of reproach, remembering last year when he had transferred from West Side School.

Noon ranks always held to the corner of the school block. Then the boys, breaking out in a rush, overtook and passed the little groups of girls already straggling down the streets. The West Siders, by the time they had gone a few blocks, were usually bunched together for their cold walk across the slough. Peewee found himself directly behind Angela. With the restraints of school behind him, he slid to a walk beside her. But the face she turned to him was angry.

"Don't you walk by me, Peewee Honder, you old two-faced thing!" she flared. "And don't you come over to my house again. You don't know what it's like to be somebody's friend. You just wait—you'll be sorry. So there!"

Surprised, Peewee stood still so sud-

denly that Willie and Ted Theis bumped into him. They laughed.

"Boy, is that Angela mad!—Oh, boy, is something ever biting her!" They aimed good-natured jeers at her stiffly held back and trotted after her. Peewee lagged behind. He had an uneasy feeling that she had meant what she said. It was like a girl to get all fussed up over nothing, he thought, feeling cold and alone as he watched Angela suddenly abandon her dignity and take after Ted in a spontaneous game of tag.

There was a buzzing crowd of girls around the blackboard when he came into the room after noon hour. Over their heads he could see that Sister had colored the "All for the Holy Child Jesus" sign with blue and yellow chalk. It looked pretty. She had done something to the charts, too. When some of the girls fell away he could see that there were little thermometers on each side with red chalk markings. Peewee looked first at the boys' thermometer. Still where the boys had stopped in the morning—45 cents.

Carlie came clattering in from the cloak room to stand beside him, and after him came Willie Theis, puffing hard as if he'd run all the way to school. Willie poked Peewee.

"Hey, you know what," he demanded

*It seemed a very long way around,
with the cold waits on doorsteps
while ladies fished in their purses*



in a loud whisper, "Angela Hocking is going to give a whole fifty cents to the girls' side. She told me so. She showed it to me!"

"After prayer, boys, after prayer," Sister Louise rose from her desk where she had been calmly correcting papers in the midst of the before-school hubbub. She clapped the bell on her desk and waited for the jostle and buzz to settle down before she made the Sign of the Cross. All through the prayer and the dragging rise and fall of "Mother dear, O pray for me," Peewee thought desperately. To get ahead of Carlie he should give his whole twenty cents. But then if his paper money collections weren't good tonight he wouldn't be able to give any more later on, say, when things got close in the contest. Maybe he should give ten now and ten later.

"Now," said Sister, "we'll have our official collection for the heathen babies. The third grade first. The fourth grade has already a good start." It seemed an interminable wait while the third graders made their nickel and dime contributions.

"Now for the fourth grade," Sister smiled when she had the third grade totals marked. "Who is going to be first—boys or girls?" There was a little pause. Nobody made a move. Carlie turned to look at Angela, then at Peewee. "Maybe she ain't going to give it," he mouthed the words elaborately without making a sound. But Peewee shook his head. He knew Angela.

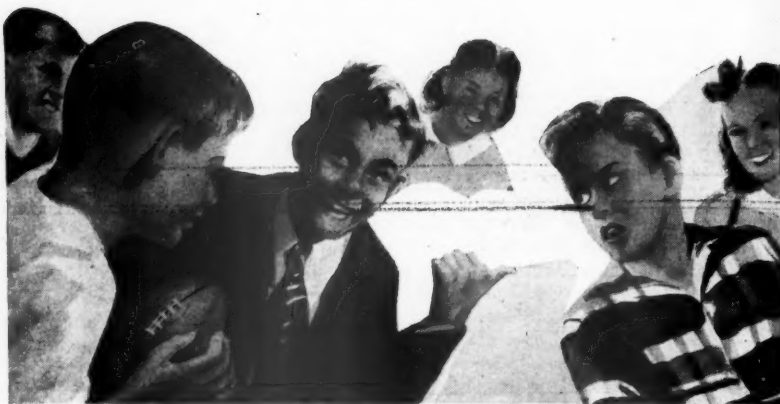
IN the back of the room Harold Ross, the quietest boy in the grade, stood up. He came forward with ten cents. Then Ted Lewis came up with another dime. Slowly the red thermometer crawled up the board—65, 70, 80, 85, 95, 105. There it stopped. Peewee sighed. The whole total was sure to be less than the girls' when Angela gave her money. He got up painfully and walked up to Sister, pulling out his twenty cents. He felt his face flaming up to the red of his hair as he came back. Sister Louise looked surprised and pleased. The thermometer stood at 125.

Angela didn't pause when Sister announced the girls' turn. She passed both Carlie and Peewee with her head high. She held out her fifty cents to Sister Louise so that everybody could see it. Sister hesitated.

"Why, that's very generous, Angela," she said, "but are you sure you want to give that much? Do your parents think it is all right?"

"Oh, yes, Sister," said Angela grandly. "It's my own Christmas money. I can do anything I want with it."

There was respect on the faces of the fourth graders as Angela turned



"Hey, you guys, Peewee's got a girl!" he shouted

back to her seat. This morning she had been fair game, a new girl in school. This afternoon she was making a bid for leadership. Peewee felt what was almost a touch of pride. That was the way Angela was, all right.

When the girls had finished giving, their thermometer stood at 160. Sister Louise looked at the two totals. "Why, fourth grade, it seems to me that we can set our deadline for next Friday in this contest. That will surely make you the very first grade in school to ransom a heathen baby." The class buzzed with self-congratulation. There was even a little clapping and stamping of feet which Sister quieted with a frown. But dismay made Peewee's stomach feel queer. Next Friday! He wouldn't know until next Friday night whether he would have enough money to make the right monthly settlement for his paper route. Suppose collections weren't good? He was ahead of Carlie now, but Carlie was sure to bring more money. Somehow all at once it seemed important to beat Angela, too.

And collections weren't good that night. First of all, Sister Louise, acting upon the advice of Sister Peter, kept Peewee and Carlie after school to write one hundred times, "I must act like a Christian gentleman on the playground." So he was late getting started. He was the newest paper boy, and his route was the worst spread out in town. It seemed a very long way around with the cold waits on doorsteps while ladies fished in their purses for their paper money. The worst of all was at Jones's, the house on the very edge of town. Peewee's feet dragged through the snow as he made his way to the kitchen door. He knocked softly and proffered the paper, neatly rolled, to Mrs. Jones when she pulled the door open, but he didn't have time to start his "collect for the *Journal Times*, ma'am" before she snapped, "No, boy, I told you before, you don't get the money for that paper unless

you get here before Mr. Jones goes to work at the roundhouse. Now you get here on time next week and you'll get all the money that's coming to you." She snatched the paper and slammed the door.

Peewee stood staring at the door, burning with resentment. He wished he dared to knock again and tell Mrs. Jones that she just had to pay. This was the third time. She owed him seventy-five cents and if he didn't get it next week before Spike collected from all the paper boys, he would have to pay it himself. That old lady! She had acted the same way last week, the night Angela had gone around the route with him.

HE started home slowly, weighed down by all the mishaps of the day. Nothing had gone just right.

After supper while Ma did the dishes he figured accounts. Sixteen customers—twenty-five cents each—twenty for Spike, and five for himself. There, that was eighty cents that he had earned himself. Ma wiped her hands and counted the money over again. She put the money for Spike in the stone crock where all the paper money was saved together. Then she took forty cents of Peewee's eighty and put it in the coin bank on the clock shelf.

"It's getting heavy," she said, "you'll be able to get a fine Easter suit. Now mind you don't spend that other forty foolishly." Peewee stuck it in his pocket. If Ma got to thinking she would remember that he had seventeen customers when you counted the Jones's. Then she would make him put the forty away in case they didn't pay next week, either.

Carlie brought fifteen cents more on Tuesday for the contest, as Peewee had known he would. That meant he would have to give twenty cents more, at least, to beat him. Then, if he gave the twenty, he might as well give the whole forty and get ahead of Angela.

too. But what if he didn't get the Jones money collected? What if he lost the paper route? By Thursday night the questions made a bothersome merry-go-round in his head.

It was so cold the next morning that Ma made him take his lunch. By the time he reached school his scarf was a white mask over his mouth and nose, and his fingers were still stiff and cold as he felt for the much-counted forty cents before he went into the room.

There was a pleasant feeling of Friday and excitement in the air as Sister called the class to order. She felt it, it seemed, because she lost no time in getting to the contest after prayer.

"Well, girls and boys," she said cheerfully, "today the fourth grade is going to finish up its contest, isn't it? Before we make the last collection and count up the money I want to remind you that Our Lord will bless you for the sacrifices you have made for His little heathen children."

The whole weight of the week's indecision and worry lifted from Pee-wee's mind. That settled it. Of course, God wouldn't let things go wrong if he gave his money for the poor heathen baby in China. Why hadn't he thought of that before? The relief was so great that he got up at once and gave Sister the forty cents.

He went to his seat happily. Almost without knowing it he smiled at Angela on the way down the aisle. He sat in a sort of pleasant daze as the final collections were made and Sister started the counting up.

"Fourth grade girls—225, fourth grade boys—280!" she announced and allowed the boys a minute of cheering before she waved the paper in her hand for silence. "And now we will see who is to name the baby for us. These three have given the most—Carl Wirtz, Angela Hocking, Ralph Honder. Ralph is first with sixty cents!" Pee-wee felt Joe Johnson clapping him on the back and saw Charlie trying not to look surprised and disappointed. He ducked his head. In his intentness on winning, he hadn't

really imagined this part of it. He had never figured on thinking of a name. What sort of a name did a fellow give a Chinese baby?

"Call him Jack, Pee-wee," yelled Willie Theis. "No, Pee-wee, Tarzan!" squealed Joe Johnson. Sister Louiseine clapped her hands.

"Boys, boys! Quiet, please. I'm afraid you don't quite understand. The baby will have to have a girl's name. You see, when the Chinese decide to abandon babies, they abandon those they consider the most useless—the girls. Now, Ralph, have you any idea for a girl's name?"

The silence was thick. It seemed endless to Pee-wee. A girl's name! Of course, he couldn't think of a girl's name. He shook his head.

"Well," said Sister, her voice a bit sharp, "We'll put off naming the baby till Monday. Perhaps you will get some good ideas. You have a saint's calendar at home, haven't you?"

THE morning inched on. When the bell clanged in the corridor, Sister Louiseine conferred briefly in the hall with Sister Peter. She came back to announce that they would have room recess because of the below-zero weather. Immediately a clatter broke out as groups began to gather and tongues to loosen. Willie Theis squeezed into the seat beside Pee-wee, and Joe Johnson hung over the desk behind him.

"Boy, you sure did good, giving the most money, Pee-wee."

"Yeah, you showed Wirtz."

Charlie turned around from his place two seats ahead.

"Aw, I could have brought more if I knew Honder was going to have so much," he protested. "Where'd you get it anyway, Honder, steal it?"

Pee-wee considered. For that he ought to sock Charlie. But then he'd have to stay after school. And tonight he just couldn't afford that.

"O.K., Wirtz, you're just sore you didn't win."

From across the aisle where the girls were bunched, Angela's tart voice cut

across his, "Some people work for their money, Charlie Wirtz. They aren't all big babies waiting for their fathers to give them money!"

"Oh, sure, stick your nose in—Pee-wee's got to have a girl fight for him!" Charlie kicked his seat back and pushed at Angela at almost the same second that Pee-wee made a flying leap from his seat. They collided and rolled on the floor with the girls shrieking and jumping on the seats to get out of the way. It was a short fight but it made Pee-wee feel good while it lasted. All the worries of the past week found release as he pounded Charlie's head against the floor. And all the pent-up dislike of the past year—for Charlie and his bragging, for Charlie and his new high-top boots—were eased by sitting on Charlie's stomach hard.

Sister Louiseine's yank at his shirt collar cut his breath and hurt, but he hardly cared. He heard her ordering Charlie up and telling them that they would both stay one hour—one full hour—after school without caring very much. It wasn't until the quiet of the cloak-room, where he had been propelled by Sister's vigorous push, settled around him that he remembered what a full hour would mean. The silence was great as the class on the other side of the door quieted from the excitement of the fight to the routine of geography. A whole hour! Then even if he went to Jones's first, he would be too late to get the money. Black depression welled up in him. He started to count the empty coat hooks, trying not to cry.

He made one desperate try that afternoon when the hall clock struck its one ping at four-thirty. He looked up from the arithmetic problems Sister Louiseine had set him. She was working at papers. Charlie was digging away with his pencil. He cleared his throat and shuffled his feet.

"Sister, may I go now and make up the rest on Monday? I gotta go. It's collection night for my paper route."

Sister Louiseine did not even look up.

"You should have thought of that this morning, Ralph."

Charlie ya-yaed silently. Pee-wee sank back, dumb. His mind refused to face the prospect ahead of him. Losing the paper route. Ma's anger. No Easter suit. All for a darned old heathen baby.

At five when Sister released them he started out in an automatic dog trot for the hotel. He forgot to wind the scarf over his nose, so, by the time he turned into Main Street, the cold air had bitten his breath away and his lungs felt scorched.

At the hotel corner he stopped in complete dismay. He had half expected to face something drastic and final, but the actual sight of the empty step on



"Seventy-five thousand dollars," the playwright said, with some pride. "See?" said the producer.

—The New Yorker

Small Change

► A playwright decided to leave Hollywood, and gave notice to that effect to his employer. The producer sent for him to try to dissuade him from this radical step. The playwright remained firm.

"But you can't make any money writing for the stage," the producer said. "Take your last play—how much money did that make?"

which his roll of papers should have lain was a jolt. There were no papers around at all. He stood, his hands and feet numbing, wondering what to do. The January dark was so sharp and quiet that the steps of men coming home from way up Main Street sounded close. Inside the lobby of the hotel he could see John Hanson, the clerk, sitting in one of the old leather chairs. There was no one else. He peered into the dining-room window, but there was no sign of Spike. There was a hard emptiness in Pee-wee's stomach. He had lost his paper route. What would Ma say?

Things always went wrong for him. Somehow he didn't understand how things worked. It was supposed to be good to ransom heathen babies, but it just got him into trouble. And it wasn't right to sit still and take Carlie's kind of talk, but look where it had got him when he stuck up for himself. And it was certainly mean of Sister not to let him go in time. He wished he was somebody else—somebody rich and famous. He'd make them all sorry.

He was an aching lump of misery when he finally trudged up the path to the kitchen door. His fingers were sticks of ice in his mittens. He couldn't tell whether the smarting cold or the weight in his heart had brought the tears to his eyes and made sticky spikes of his eyelashes.

MA was fussing at the stove and didn't turn as he came in. "Shut the door quickly, child," she said. "That cold is just terrible. Such a night for you to be having somebody else take your paper route. I don't know what's got into the Sisters nowadays with all these after-school meetings and all. They're as bad as the public school teachers." She banged the stove lid and yanked at the damper. "That child said to tell you she paid Spike all right and that she got the money from the Jones's. Got it from Mr. Jones, she said. The money's on the table."

Pee-wee stared bewildered at the little heap of change.

"Who said, Ma?"

"Why, Angela Hocking, of course. Now get your things off. Don't stand there in the house with all those clothes on getting overheated."

"Well, Ralph," said Sister Louise after prayer on Monday, "have you decided what we will call our first heathen baby?"

Pee-wee Honder stood up. He felt the eyes of the whole room upon him and his face reddened, but he stuck out his chin.

"Yes, Sister," he said, "Angela!"

Just let Carlie laugh. He'd fix him at recess time.

WORDS AND THE FAITH



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NOT many persons realize just how certain words named after saints acquired those names, or realize that a number of lay words are of religious origin. Most persons, of course, do know how the *St. Bernard* gets his name—from the far-famed hospice of *St. Bernard*, where the dog has been bred for almost a thousand years and trained in rescuing stricken travelers in the Swiss Alps. And most persons are also aware that *Santa Claus* is a corruption of *St. Nicholas*.

But the origin of other terms derived from saints' names is not so well known. Some words are named after a saint because of his name-day. The *St. Barnaby's-thistle* flowers about *St. Barnabas' Day*; *filberts* ripen around *St. Philibert's Day*. And while the secular custom of sending *valentines* has no direct connection with *St. Valentine*, the ancient notion that birds begin to mate on *St. Valentine's Day* may have something to do with it.

The word *chapel* is derived from a military cape worn by *St. Martin*. Meeting a beggar one day, *St. Martin* gave him a part of his military cloak and wrapped the other half of the garment around his own shoulders, making a cape or *capella*. The cape was preserved as a relic and went with the Frankish kings to their wars. The tent, and later the oratory, in which it was kept also became known as a *capella*. The name *capella*, *chappelle*, or *chapel* subsequently was given to any oratory where divine services are conducted.

Tawdry is another word derived from a saint, *St. Audrey*, the word being a corruption. *St. Audrey* thought herself punished for wearing rich necklaces of jewels; hence,

necklaces of fine silk were called *tawdry laces*. The word later was used to refer to the cheap finery sold at Ely, at the fair on *St. Audrey's Day*, from which source it has developed its present meaning.

From early religious activities have come a number of English words and names. The easy pace of the pilgrims riding to *Canterbury* came to be known as a *Canterbury pace*, or *canter*; and the bells that their horses wore were called *Canterbury bells*.

Minster, not to be confused with *minister*, is also of religious origin. *Axminster*, *Westminster*, and other English place-names are derived from the houses of worship set up there. The word came into the language with the spread of Christianity in England, and like its far younger twin-brother, *monastery*, and like *monk*, goes back to a Greek word meaning alone, and refers to the seclusion of many religious orders.

Another interesting word is *maudlin*, from the tendency to paint *Magdalen* in an attitude of weeping.

Bedlam is a corruption of *Bethlehem*, a Hebrew term for house of bread, or almshouse. The hospital of *St. Mary of Bethlehem* was used as a hospital for the insane as early as 1402. The noisy and chaotic activities of these unfortunates suggested a current meaning of the word *bedlam*.

It might be appropriate to close with the *camellia*, a flower named in tribute of *Georg Josef Kamel*, or *Camelli*, the Jesuit who botanized Luzon and who was said to have brought the *camellia* back with him from the East.

—J. G. ROTHENBERG

Woman to Woman

BY KATHERINE BURTON

Enter the Professor

AT CORNELL UNIVERSITY MEDICAL CENTER there is a professor who on occasion makes speeches on the subject of psychiatry. He is Dr. Carl Binger, assistant professor of clinical psychiatry at the Center. In the course of a talk delivered recently before the National Committee of Mental Hygiene, he permitted himself to make a few remarks on a subject regarding which the assistant professor should have done some research before he spoke.

In the course of his talk, in which he spoke disparagingly of psychiatric films with a "seductive female interne" as the heroine, he spoke also of doctors who should express themselves in a manner different from the "dry impersonal tones of a schoolteacher."

I don't think it matters if female internes are attractive. I think it rather nice. I know an extremely pretty one who speaks longingly of the day when she will have a practice, get married, and have four children. I know another, practicing for some years, who also served as interne, very attractive still, even though she now has a husband and five children as well as a busy practice.

As for the dry tones of the schoolteacher, I remember some with very fine voices, not dry at all, and they said interesting things with those pleasant voices. But, as readers will note, even without my psychoanalyzing Dr. Binger, he evidently does not like the women of our world very well. First, female internes draw his sarcasm, and then schoolteachers irk him, but it is when he reaches the ranks of the women in the home that he really goes to town. He speaks bitterly of the literary diet of several million American women, which, according to him, consists largely of "true love stories, comic strips, and directives for making corn muffins."

Why So Grumpy?

IT WOULD REALLY BE interesting to get the professor down on the long couch which seems to be standard equipment of psychoanalysts, where patients disgorge the thoughts of auld lang syne and learn they are presently unhappy with wives or husbands they previously thought were at least fair to middling. We might learn why he is so grumpy and snappy about the sex sometimes known as the weaker.

First let us tackle Dr. Binger on the word directive. According to the geographical place, or perhaps depending on modern or old-fashioned usage, we women say either receipt or recipe. Directive is a new one on me and I have been making corn muffins—good ones too—for these many years. It is, of course, possible that Dr. Binger fell into the hands of very poor muffin makers; that would no doubt make a man annoyed with muffin makers, schoolteachers, and female internes.

Let us come to his second bit of heat lightning: that women read the comic strips and magazines. I am one who has watched—even, I regret to state, in my own home—men and boys reading the comic sections, interested and absorbed in those strange pages. Out of the corner of my eye I have watched men reading in trains (for I, too, like to investigate with what feeble scientific intelligence I have, the reactions of the human race) and, so help me, these readers go carefully from top to bottom of those pages of utter confusion

and nonsense. They miss no phrase in those balloons full of words, many of them in very poor grammar, many of them containing such fine phrases as "Gotcha that time," or "Don't give me none of your lip," some showing pictures with characters being swatted with stick or vase or iron pipe. I sometimes wonder what they would do if their offspring used such phrases or such weapons around the house.

Maybe Dr. Binger was himself trying to be funny, to get a laugh from his audience. Maybe he was satiric. Or maybe he is just one of those men who think women are inferior beings and he has to keep on saying it, like the boy who whistles to keep up his courage. But surely he hasn't pulled his ivory tower so far over his eyes that he doesn't know it is men who read the comics. I am not speaking now of "Mr. and Mrs." or "Our Bill" or "The Timid Soul" or "Penny" or any comic strip that reflects life as it is. I am talking about those pages of cheap claptrap to which some papers devote several pages each day.

As for his third remark, I must say in all honesty I don't know how right he is, for I realize that there are women who read the true love story type of stuff, though I myself don't know who they are or where they dwell. But such magazines sell many copies, so someone must buy them.

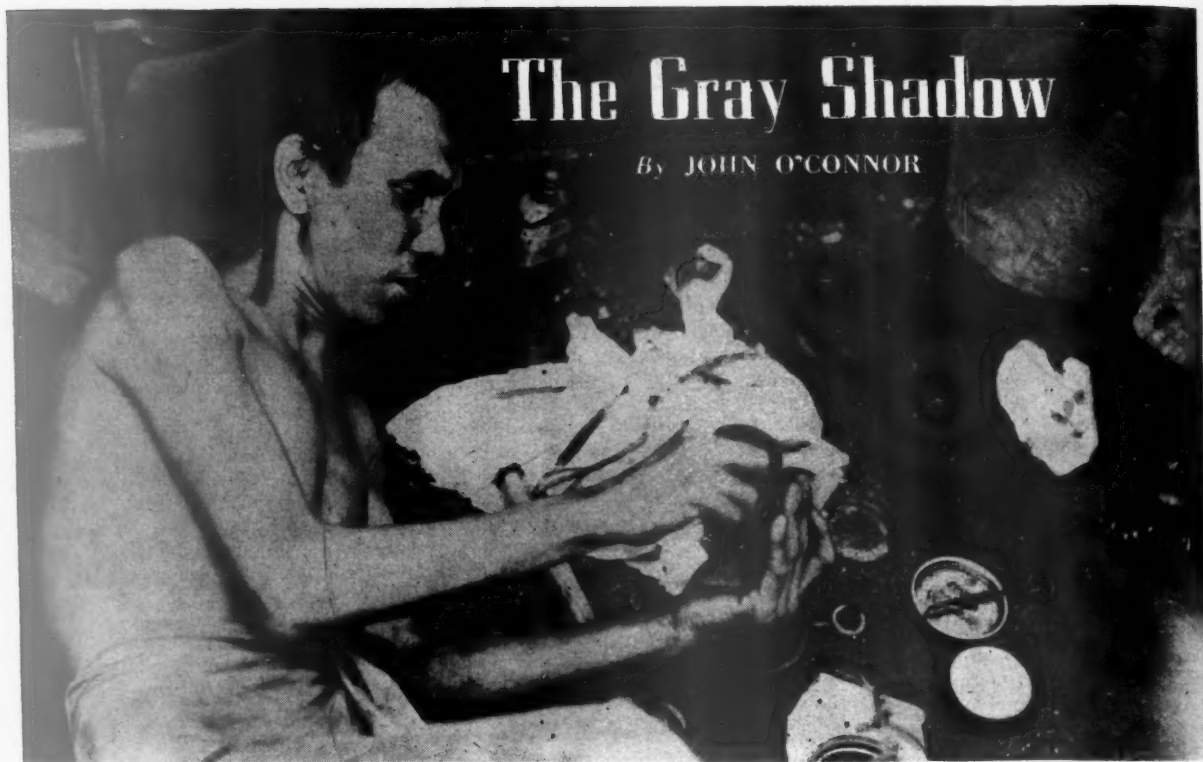
Accentuate the Positive

EVEN SO I THINK the doctor's statement is worthless. Why doesn't he concentrate on positive things men do and women also? This is no time to get sarcastic about the other sex. This is a time to pull together and save the poor old world which is, after all, composed of men and women. If a certain number of men want to read the comics, all right; if a certain set of women read *True Story*, let them. But the fact is that millions of women all over the world are today interested in other true stories, not silly, made-up situations, but true stories of danger and trouble. There is the true story issued by the CIO researchers, that a survey of workers in basic manufacturing industries shows the rising costs of living are depriving children of basic needs: 78 per cent of our families are buying less milk, 72 per cent less eggs, 89 per cent less butter, 84 per cent less clothing. The true story that 80 per cent of Europe's children will be hungry and cold this winter. The true story of the too masculine set-up of the UN, which is busy expending itself on small political matters when it is a world it must set right. True stories of women who cannot buy underwear for their children though they see every day advertisements of dresses at several hundred dollars and shoes and hats at almost fifty.

If Dr. Binger would turn his educated glance on a few such things, he might stop uttering nonsense, might note instead true stories of actual sadness and despair which his sex, who after all did make the war and are supposed to make the peace, must face if the world is to survive.

You cannot indict a nation and neither can you indict a sex. There are plenty of men who are in entire sympathy with what I have stated here; there are plenty of women who are heedless and selfish. There will always be Neroes fiddling while Rome burns and Marie Antoinettes with farms full of food while thousands have nothing.

Dr. Carl Binger, assistant professor of clinical psychiatry, needs to have someone with a really good directive make him a plateful of flaky, crusty, smoking corn muffins.



International

The Gray Shadow

By JOHN O'CONNOR

THE woman in black walked briskly down the well-appointed corridor of the expensive hotel. The door on her right opened slowly. A man looked out. He nodded his head toward the door on the other side of the corridor. The woman scarcely glanced at him. She walked toward the door he had singled out. She placed a casual but cautious finger on the white buzzer. Her right hand rested easily in her capacious apron pocket.

"Cleaning matron—inspection," she called out clearly in response to a muffled inquiry from behind the partly opened door.

The door closed. There was the sound of a chain-bolt being slid out of place. The "cleaning matron" stepped back in the manner of one long-rehearsed in her role. In the same instant, the door across the hall opened and several well-dressed men, each carrying a business-like revolver, lined silently in front of the now-opening door.

They rushed in as it opened. All but one ignored the well-dressed woman at the door and headed for the library, the location of which they seemed to know as if they had been studying the plans of the apartment.

There at an ornate desk sat one of the most successful illicit drug dealers in America, Louis Guardia, alias Louis King, who also bore the dubious title of "secretary" to the notorious Lucky

Luciano. To the great delight of New York's "finest," his entire store of drugs and operating capital was spread before him. Detectives Cottone and Zeigers, under the command of Lieutenant Cooper, stood before him. Fifteen years of tortuous trailing had come to an end. Thousands of dollars of drugs and smuggling devices were piled neatly around the blotter on the huge desk. He had no chance to rise. Millions in narcotics had purchased a one-way ticket up the river. And when that term was finally over, there would probably be a discreet call from the ever-faithful Narcotic Squad of the Federal Government.

Customs officials, Treasury men, and the narcotic squads of the major port cities are bracing themselves for the coming increase in illicit drugs. More ships are sailing the seas, and more are weighing anchor in obscure ports of the Middle East and the Orient. Today, possibly as never before, opium has become a long-term threat to millions of people. From the steaming ports of the South Seas to the snow-topped crags of Iran and Turkey, opium is easy to ob-

An opium smoker's layout. The addict shown above is about to prepare a pill

tain today. Licensed dens dot the Far East and the colonies in the Indies and around the Straits. Turkish factories run at full blast in Anatolia. Tribesmen from the Yangtse to the Dardanelles find opium an effective, highly portable, and profitable currency. The valleys of Yugoslavia and Bulgaria are dotted with waving poppies. Mexico, at our own border, is waging an intense and by no means completely successful war to stop the cultivation of this deadly drug in her remote valleys and on her isolated plateaus. In recent years, this vast country to the south has become an area of interest for the powerful and adroit drug rings that operate around the world.

This is not to say there is any formal organization for the promotion of opium, morphine, and heroin on a world basis. But as long as there is any illicit drug, there will be experts around to handle it—for a price. Big cities and small tropical ports, swank apartments or dingy tenements—you can get it or its deadly derivatives in any of them, for a price.

What is this drug, this gray shadow that circles the world with a belt of evil and decay? Empires for centuries have drawn colonial revenues from it. Millions of people have become sub-

Hundreds of freighters plow our seas carrying an evil cargo worth a king's ransom

human because of it. As a nation we have been extremely fortunate in knowing little about it—due to the never-ending vigilance and incredible efficiency of the Treasury Department's Bureau of Narcotics, the Customs' Inspectors, and the various police units in major cities and ports such as the Narcotic Squad of the New York Police Department. Opium is present as a world problem. We shall hear more about it to that effect.

Originally, opium came from the Middle East, possibly the Balkans. Galen, the old Greek doctor, knew of it. Historians claim it became popular around the end of the third century. There has been no decline in production since.

In those ancient days it was used for medicinal purposes. The Arabs, leading scientists for centuries, probably introduced it into India. There, during the reign of Akbar the Great, at the beginning of the seventeenth century, it shifted from the popular stage to the stage of mass production and big business. It was now sought as a drug where it had been used as a medicine.

It remained for the European to further the smoking of this deadly drug. The East India Company, Britain's unofficial wedge in the East, immediately sensed the possibilities and the profit inherent in the drug. From 1811 until 1831, the Company averaged an acknowledged export total of over 4500 chests of opium per year on its official trading lists. From 1829 to 1839, the average passed 25,000 chests per year, reaching the high of over 30,000 chests per year in 1835-36. Ten trips from India to China in those days and a merchant and his captain could retire to an estate in England or the Hudson Valley for life.

The Chinese Emperors fought the importation tooth and nail. They sensed the danger to their docile people. They legislated, they pleaded, they cajoled. They actually wept over the degradation that was being visited on their subjects by the well-armed and profit-hungry Europeans. The bribes to their minor officials were too great, however—and the fire-power of the British frigates a bit too heavy. It must be added, for the sake of the record, that the brief and disgraceful Opium War ended to Britain's commercial advantage but never once did the subsequent treaties mention opium by name. They merely gave England the right to "trade" in the ports!

TRADER increased and so did demand for the drug. The normal operating net profit ran around 300 per cent! One merchant of those days stated: "... It's the one business where the eager customer will even pay cash before he receives the purchase. You can't beat a business like that!" And it is a matter of fact that the great amounts of tea and silk that came out of China for many years were *actually balanced by the amount of opium that was shipped from Indian and Persian ports.*

An incidental consequence of the last war has been the complete disruption of the international machinery for controlling illicit commerce in this drug, its derivatives, and their allies. Those in authority, such as Henry J. Ainslinger, veteran U.S. Commissioner of Narcotics, have long cited the danger of an actual epidemic of demand and addiction spreading from the theaters of operation all over the world. Men and women who have suffered the miseries and cruelties of war or famine are

easy victims. This is true especially in the area which was deliberately selected by the Japanese for the distribution of opium and the debasing of a subject people into physical and moral slavery. "In Europe," wrote Mr. Ainslinger recently, "the evil is latent but ready to become virulently active. . . ."

It happened after the last war. There is every indication that it will happen in the near future and in the distant future. While the arrests have declined, a recent government report stated that this fact indicated "... a continuing concentration of the racket in the hands of a few well-organized and well-financed mobs."

According to the best medical and government estimates, the amount of opium needed in the world is 440 tons per year. The *admitted* production of world opium in all countries is over 2300 tons. This does not include the small, obscure country farms on every continent which might be found raising an acre or two of poppies in the name of "crop rotation." This fails to mention the hidden valleys in the Balkans, Anatolia, Iran, or Mexico. It does not and could not estimate the hidden production of India or interior China. Somehow the world's major black market item is annually channeled into illicit traffic. The profit of the product, the astronomical return on the investment, tempt the strongest.

Macao, the Portuguese island off Hong Kong, famed for its nightlife and gambling concessions, has collected more than 22 per cent of its budget each year from the opium monopoly. The Straits Settlement, home of Singapore, one of the world's largest ports, averages from opium concessions over 15 per cent of its net annual receipts.

If you would grasp the significance,

Below: Government inspectors with seized oil cask. The cask contains a false bottom in which narcotics were concealed. Right: Federal agents burn \$7,000,000 of seized narcotics



merely take a city of comparable size and see if it collects 15 per cent from any single item aside from real estate.

To date, the Federal and city police state that most of the smuggled opium they have been able to pick up has come from Persia or India—with an increasing flow coming from south of the Rio Grande. Last year, however, India led as the source of confiscated drugs. . .

It arrives in many ways. Not all ships are like the S.S. *Mirabella* which was built in Hong Kong specifically for the opium trade. Usually it is smuggled in on freighters by a few cool crew members who feel they can dispose of the fabulously priced gummy substance once they reach a major port.

One favorite but now well-worn trick was to put opium sticks in tin cans, pack tin cans in bags of salt with a long line and a float attached to the line. Upon reaching port the bags would be thrown off at an agreed-upon point. They would sink, the salt would dissolve and then tin and float alike would be picked up by watchful members of the home gang.

Plans do not always succeed, however. Back in the early winter of 1938 a freighter put in at Brooklyn. Customs men, alert and tight-lipped, paid a hurried but thorough call. Hidden in various places on the freighter was a total of \$600,000 in opium. It had been loaded at Bushire on the Persian Gulf. About the same time the S.S. *Silveryew* arrived from the Orient. The vessel had received clearance in both Hong Kong and Shanghai. Yet a search netted 850 tins of opium worth over a quarter of a million dollars.

I cited these figures to one official. He replied: "... There is one attraction for the criminal—profit. There is nothing to equal narcotics for profit. A man such as the late Lepke figured to make more from narcotics than from his union and murder organizations. Don't forget, he was indicted in 1937 as the principal of thirty persons charged with complicity in smuggling from the Jap-

anese Concession in Tientsin to the port of New York sufficient drugs to satisfy 10,000 addicts for one year. And this was to come from a single shipment, concealed in the bags of a party of round-the-world tourists who were making that long and expensive trip for one purpose: narcotics!"

Opium is habit-forming and evil. Taken from opium is the more radical narcotic, morphine. Both of these drugs have an appeal that can be overcome. Their deadly derivative, heroin, actually a distillate of morphine appeals to the young, and most officials shake their heads slowly when they meet up with a heroin victim. There is little chance of being taken away from that drug.

Due to their compactness and light weight the three drugs are relatively easy to hide. They have been found in the linings of slippers, in books with the centers removed, in electric sockets, in lumber that had been skillfully hollowed out, and in sugar bowls—in which the initiate finds, wrapped as sugar, temporary relief for his shrieking nerves. Toothpaste tubes are another means of concealing the drug. Children's mechanical toys, replete with many cavities under the brightly painted tin, serve as an ideal place for concealment. In the exhibit in Police Headquarters in New York there is an ornamental replica of the Capitol in Washington. In the center of this mantel piece there is a clock. But if you press and then gently lift the left side of the artistic masterpiece, you can raise the entire metal structure—to find a storage place for a goodly sum of dope. One detective grinned. "Brother, when we fine-comb a place, we fine-comb the fine-combs!" They even look for "kites," those harmless-looking personal letters on heavy stationery. The latter is saturated with the drug. Treated in a simple manner by the addict, the drug falls away from the paper and the delivery is completed.

Burglary statistics indicate that drug-store safes are being broken into with

great and increasing frequency. It has been necessary to confine the sale of paregoric (1 per cent pure opium) to those people with a physician's prescription. State laws have been put into effect regarding this last medicine and in Delaware, for instance, consumption of paregoric dropped 664 gallons in one year.

That does not stop the addict, however. As a matter of fact, his gullibility is hard to match. Heroin and morphine are often diluted 99 per cent, and yet they buy it for it still has a "punch." One recent case reported an addict paying \$35 for 1.5 grams that were only 8 per cent in drug strength! Thus several sticks of the real stuff might make you enough to set up in business.

DESPITE the fact that arrests are at a low, it is felt that we are now in the lull before the storm. British shipping men have spoken of a world ring that operates through the criminal undergrounds. Men such as famed Russell Pasha of Cairo and Henry J. Ainslinger of Washington have their respective departments alerted as never before. The control efforts and the publicity that once went with the League of Nations Control Commission have not been picked up by the UN which is currently busier with vetoes than with vice.

This is lacking now. Confusion reigns in many areas. Morality is sinking both as regards the individual and the group. The personality of man has come to mean less and less each day. Meanwhile, hundreds of small freighters plow the seas, putting in at large ports and small, very often carrying a cargo of king's ransom in the dirty, concealed satchels of the crew. Eighty-three vessels were caught on the west coast alone last year.

Whether the sticks bear the legend "Iranian government monopoly," or come wrapped in Mexican newspapers, Yugoslav wool, or cheap Indian cotton, does not matter. They are coming faster. The opportunities for growth have expanded. The nerves of the world are frayed. The pockets of many are filled. Empire and Soviet, republic or colony—all territories are producing it.

The United States has been particularly fortunate from both legislation and investigation activities. We have long led in the drive to eliminate the drug while many European nations have actually encouraged its growth! Our work, apparently, will be set out for us as never before. The Harry Ainslingers and Russell Pashas do not look too happily into the future of the world picture. The genie that was let out of the bottle a century ago during the Opium Wars simply won't go back. And he is growing every year.

Prescription Filled

► The dentist was an overbearing individual.

"Did you go elsewhere before coming to me?" he demanded of his new patient.

"Only to the druggist," the suffering man answered.

"And what idiotic advice did he give you?"

The patient regarded his questioner innocently.

"Why, he just told me to come to you."



Categorica

ITEMS HUMOROUS OR UNUSUAL
ON MATTERS OF GREAT
OR LITTLE MOMENT

Rare Timepiece

► **RUSSIAN OCCUPATION TROOPS** are still relieving citizens of their valuables whenever the opportunity presents itself. Douglas Woodruff tells how a watch-seeking Red soldier was outwitted. From "The Tablet":

Among the many stories of the Russian soldiers and their passion for watches there is this one of the cunning peasant. He was stopped by a Russian and asked the time, but knew very well that this was merely to find out whether he possessed a watch. So he stuck his pitchfork into the ground so that it cast a shadow and served as a rough and ready sundial, and announced the time as "around six." The Russian soldier checked this from the many watches of which he had possessed himself earlier in the day, pulling them out from various pockets, and, having satisfied himself that the time was more or less correct, made the peasant hand over the pitchfork, and added it to his collection.

Troubles of a Fight Producer

► **PRODUCER MIKE JACOBS** defends the fight game in an article "What's So Wrong With Boxing?" (as told to Caswell Adams) in the live new publication, "Sport." Some of a fight producer's worries are outlined in these excerpts:

Most people, I guess, think that a prize fight is just a matter of signing a couple of fighters to contracts, setting the date for the Garden, the Yankee Stadium, or the Polo Grounds, selling tickets, and then paying the fighters a small sum of the take and pocketing the rest. That isn't so by a long shot.

Most fight managers have highly exaggerated ideas of the value of their fighters' services. It's highly uneconomical for a fight promoter to promise 120 per cent of the gate, but I never yet have met a manager who didn't, at first, demand 60 per cent for his boxer. . . .

Then the promotion. Placards. Advertisements. Radio time. Printing and distribution of tickets. Telephones and telegrams. Set-up of the ringside in the ball park or indoors. Radio commitments the night of the fight. Movie-camera arrangements and, recently, television headaches.

For a big heavyweight championship fight I am usually out of pocket more than \$85,000 by the morning of the fight. . . .

The minute those fighters go to a training camp or gym I start to worry. Conn used to nearly kill me by going out in speed boats. Lew Jenkins was a nut for fast motorcycles. I remember the noon of the first Conn-Louis fight. They weighed in at the Garden. Conn walked over to my office, a block away, and talked to newspapermen a moment, then went outside.

Jenkins, who had been lightweight boss of the world, but had tossed it away, was standing on Broadway in front of the building. He spotted Billy, who was going to lunch with me at Toots Shor's. Jenkins yelled "Hey Conn, I can beat you running around the block, ya bum."

Conn shouted back: "For a hundred bucks, you shrimp!"

And Conn, who was going to make a reputation and a couple of hundred thousand dollars nine hours later, started to take off his coat.

That's about the nearest I ever came to fainting. Luckily, someone convinced Conn that he could race Jenkins on the hard sidewalk another day—not the day of the fight.

That gives you an idea. Say that Conn had, like a dope, taken the dare and fallen or twisted an ankle or something. I'd be out the \$85,000 and have to start all over again.

I sleep well the night after a fight.

Manhattan Grapevine

► **THE SURROUNDINGS** may be chromium and satin, but it's the same back-fence psychology. Anne Cooper tells about it in "Our No. 1 Grapevine." From the "New York Times Magazine":

Daily in the 2,175 beauty parlors in Manhattan thousands of women eagerly "let down their hair" while their hair is being let down. They bare their souls and their symptoms to the hairdresser, who listens with a gleam in his eye, ready to pass the latest on to the next customer. Here, where manicurists live from hand to babbling mouth, nothing is sacred: gossip goes round and round the grapevine circuit, and often roosts in Winchell's column, or in the proceedings of a divorce case. The beauty parlor booth has become a sort of sophisticated confessional where women are moved to tell all. Many tongues have made the New York grapevine what it is—a system of organized snooping. . . .

A few of the plushy Fifth Avenue salons have installed soundproofing for reasons of immediate safety. Some women, on overhearing their good name besmirched in the next booth, have been known to leap on the gossip and claw down a newly arranged hair-do. Soundproofing does away with all that. The grapevine goes on operating, but in a subtler way that becomes the velvet drapes and soft pink mirrors of these shops.

Sweating Sickness

► **IN "OLD-TIME Medical Superstitions,"** Mary Frances Kehoe, writing in the "Catholic World," tells of various remedies and cures attempted in the Middle Ages:

Out of the many great epidemics which swept over the world during the Middle Ages, space allows mention of one other. In the sixteenth century a new disease appeared in England. This was the fatal sweating sickness. According to Hecker the disease originated in England because of the atmospheric conditions—fog and dampness—that distinguish the English climate. A contributory cause was the English habit of heavy eating and drinking. We know now that the sweating sickness was a specific infectious disease on the order of modern influenza.

The disease was characterized by a great depression of mind accompanied by an irresistible desire for sleep. Since it was believed that sleep would prove fatal, the patient was kept awake by methods both gentle and severe. The delusion

obtained that the only hope of recovery was to make the patient sweat profusely for twenty-four hours. If stricken in the daytime, he was put in bed with all his clothes on. Then he was sewed into his sheets and the sheets sewed onto the mattress. This was to prevent his making his escape. Heavy blankets and an enormous feather bed were then heaped upon the unfortunate patient. To make assurance double sure, heavy men lay on top of the feather bed. Doors and windows were sealed tight and a roaring fire kept going in the stove. If the patient survived all this—he usually didn't—he was “up and about” in a week or so. When physicians were finally convinced that this heroic treatment was worse than the disease itself, improvement followed.

Lightning Strikes Twice

► IN “REDBOOK,” *Hardy Burt tells of the whimsies and dangers of lightning, which can generate 100,000,000 volts and 200,000 amperes. From the article:*

Benjamin Franklin undoubtedly failed to realize the extent of his gamble with death when he sailed a kite aloft in a storm to trap a sample of lightning. He converted himself into a human lightning rod, and could easily have been jolted into eternity.

Franklin invented the lightning rod on the theory that it would prevent lightning from striking the protected structure. The theory was wrong; the idea of protection right. A lightning rod neither repels nor attracts a thunderbolt. It does give the bolt a channel to the ground, where its destructive energies are harmlessly dissipated. As copper is the most practical conductor of electricity, it's most often the metal used in lightning-rod systems.

There are still a lot of people who believe lightning rods are ineffective contraptions. The classic case in point is provided by the unhappy experience of a Kansas farmer several years ago. After his unprotected barn was struck by a thunderbolt and all but demolished, he rejected the friendly advice of neighbors and refused to equip the barn with a lightning-rod system. He argued that lightning never struck the same place twice, anyway. The barn was smashed and burned again—not once, but twice within a year.

The third stroke was too much for the skeptic, who packed off his family and belongings to California, where “there ain't so many thunderstorms.”

The farmer trusted to the ancient fallacy that lightning never pays more than one visit to the same location. Under certain conditions, lightning will almost inevitably seek the same target. Of course, it was a somewhat rare coincidence that so small a structure as a barn should be the object of repeated hits.

Why did the thunderbolts single out the barn for a favorite target? For one thing, a bolt always pursues the path of least resistance, tending to follow the shortest course from cloud to earth. Since the barn happened to be the highest projection on that part of the flat Kansas farmland, it offered a standing invitation to lightning strokes.

A Star Is Born

► THE STORY OF LASSIE, the dog who came home—rich, is told by *Florabel Muir and Byron Morgan in the “Saturday Evening Post.” Some excerpts:*

There's a lot of Cinderella in the story of Lassie, born Pal. Whelped obscurely in a North Hollywood kennel, he was the runt of his litter. A dog handler who had him as a gift owed Rudd Weatherwax ten dollars, and Weatherwax was persuaded to take the puppy in payment. Today the ten-dollar dog earns an estimated \$25,000 a year.

Lassie's name is on the official roster of Metro-Goldwyn-

Mayer stars along with Gable and Taylor and Spencer Tracy. He has received some 30,000 fan letters. He interviews visiting columnists in his own private dressing room just like other top luminaries. Observe that the masculine personal pronoun is used to describe him. That's correct, for Lassie is a male. He fathers several litters of puppies a year, and special pedigrees are issued to purchasers of his progeny, though there is irony in the fact that American Kennel Club papers cannot be provided. There is no official record of Lassie's own ancestry. Nevertheless, the wealthy parents of one Hollywood youngster recently paid \$300 for a Lassie pup as a birthday gift.

As a result of the remarkable box-office record of *Lassie, Come Home*, and *Laddie, Son of Lassie*, Lassie's contract with MGM calls for \$500 a week when he is working and \$300 at all other times. It runs for five years without options. There are few human stars with nonoption contracts. Also, there is no moral-turpitude clause in Lassie's ticket, which makes him the only star in Hollywood who is entirely exempt from suspicion that his actions might conceivably bring such disrepute on the movies that he would no longer be of value to his employers.

Bowery Jungle

► THE FOLLOWING PARAGRAPHS are taken from an article on the man-eating beasts of the Bowery. By *Nancy Lee in “Magazine Digest”:*

If, the next time you are in New York, you suddenly see elephants, snakes, and even worse in front of your eyes, it might be advisable to count ten and take another good look before you write it off as a hallucination. For strange as it seems, the bright lights of midtown Manhattan are only a stone's throw from a lair of jungle beasts so rare and weird that they dwarf anything your wildest nightmare could ever produce. . . .

The place in New York where these frightening creatures of another world are most plentiful is neither the Prospect Park Zoo nor the Museum of Natural History, though you may find them there too in limited numbers. . . .

More likely, you'll find them and their jungle cousins at No. 351 on the Bowery, in an ancient, smelly, four-story building right next to the Salvation Army Mission. Or, if not there, you'll see them on one of the world's strangest farms, with city life all around it, at Woodside, just three miles from Manhattan.

The farm and the Bowery warehouse belong to Heinz Bernard Ruhe, king of the world's wild animal dealers, and alongside him even Noah was an amateur. Instead of only two of a species, Ruhe sometimes has scores for sale. In normal years, he will round up and import as many as 100,000 strange beasts and rare birds and do an annual business of \$3,000,000 or even more. . . .

A season's shipment may include spider monkeys, pigtailed ringtails, red-faced macaques, African white noses, gorillas, orangutangs, chimpanzees, and baboons. Ruhe sells thousands of rhesus monkeys for research at \$25 each. An organ grinder's monkey brings \$75. If you want another Gargantua, he'll organize a special expedition to land him and the cost will run into thousands of dollars.

Cheapest and smallest of Ruhe's collections is the zebra finch which sells for \$3.00. Most expensive, perhaps, is the bongo antelope from the Belgian Congo, listed at \$20,000. In between, he will quote you prices of \$15,000 for an Indian rhinoceros; \$15,000 for the okapi, a purplish, shortnecked giraffe from the Congo; \$10,000 for a panda from the Himalayas; \$4,000 for an ordinary giraffe or hippo; and \$750 for the leopard-like cheetah.

The lion comes dirt-cheap—about \$100—because he breeds easily in captivity.



Daughters of the Queen

By BONAVENTURE GRIFFITHS, C.P.

(Left) On with the Dragon Dance

(Below) Procession forming



China's Moon Year

THE missionary to China, both from the nature of his work and his efforts to become all things to all men, finds himself immersed in a fascinating civilization. He enters deeply into the hidden mysteries of a culture which in a variety of ways is very much the same today as it was twenty centuries before the time of Christ. Consequently, he is privileged to feel what is called the soul of China. He realizes, of course, that the surface of his adopted country can and does fester in spots, that political corruption often rears its ugly head, and that the poetic and delicate spirit of old China has been hardened, in fact coarsened, under the shock of modern intellectual and material requirements. Yet much of the rich color and feeling of ancient Chinese thought and custom perdures. Its influence remains, taking new forms perhaps under the necessities of the age, but nevertheless fascinating to anyone born and bred in the very prosaic West.

The beginning of a New Year offers an opportunity of delving into the glamorous court with which the Chinese from ages past have surrounded the Queen of the Night. A Western civiliza-

tion teaches many an interesting astronomical fact concerning the waxing and waning of the moon, her colorless personality in the role of pale reflector to the sun, her strange influence over tides and in odd cases over the actions of men. The Chinese, however, have breathed a spirit into the days of each month, and with a marvelous poetic sense have made the months of the year the lovely daughters of the Queen of the Night. They guard the pathway of the seasons, reflecting every mood of each period of the year.

The young missionary out of America is thrilled beyond words with his first "*ko nien*." For years he has been accustomed to the usual January 1, a holiday observed mostly in a quiet and dignified manner, carrying a significant appreciation that another year has begun. Strictly speaking, he finds that officially the same day is observed in China, an establishment of the Chinese Republic. However, the Chinese at large, the incredible number of the masses, are not wont to let a colorful custom of centuries past die out in the short space of thirty-some years. So the Lunar New Year still holds

sway in the great Middle Kingdom. The New Year for the Chinese is not a mere day but two weeks of carnival beginning as the calendar provides, not earlier than our January 21 or later than February 19. It is difficult to compare, with any certain accuracy, the Chinese New Year and one of our own holiday festivals. Perhaps all our great holidays taken together would not express the gaiety, the happiness, and complete abandonment to merriment that is to be found in the fortnight of this remarkable celebration. Socially it signifies reunion, since the first day of the New Year is spent in seclusion with one's own family. Morally it represents the idea of resurrection, the rebirth of the year, the season when Heaven mysteriously but solicitously fructifies the soil for the crops which keep alive the nation, the time when the pulse of every living creature beats faster in response to budding forces. Materially, it stands for a cleansing of faults both in the home and in business. Men turn over a new leaf, strive to pay off old debts in money and loyalty, and start with a clean sheet on which they hope to write better

success and more satisfying happiness.

This first month is well called the Holiday Moon. Fifteen days of rejoicing and feasting. Quarrels are forgotten, feuds cease, the noise of firecrackers is heard night and day. There is a noticeable crescendo to the tempo of the celebration until the lovely Feast of the Lanterns, or, as it is otherwise known, the Feast of the First Full Moon, brings the gaiety to an end.

The second month is known by the appropriate title of the Budding Moon. On the Sun Festival which falls early in this month, "the plants on the mountain are changed into jade," which is a classical reference to the fact that every leaf and bud makes ready to meet the sun. Willow-tips turn green, lilacs prepare to bloom and in every orchard fruit blossoms make ready to burst their sheaths. This moon contains the birthday of Kuan Yin, the Goddess of Mercy. Kuan Yin occupies a unique place in the hearts of the Chinese people, a goddess of tenderness and pity. Her name, "She Who Looks Down and Hears the Cries of the World" shows how she is revered by the Chinese, since she comforts in sorrow and protects in danger. She is an instinct of the heart, and wherever one may travel in the Celestial Kingdom, the chapel or the image of Kuan Yin is sure to be found. Some of the images of Kuan Yin are very beautiful and appealing. Often she is figured as many of the Madonnas of Christian art, with the same gracious droop of the head, the fine modeling of the robes and hands, and not infrequently bearing a child in her arms. The missionary is struck with the similarity of the Christian's love and devotion to the Blessed Virgin. One can say that what the Blessed Mother is to the Christian, Kuan Yin is to the pagan Chinese. It so happens that ordinarily the Chinese convert to Catholicism leans easily to a lovely regard and devotion to the Mother of God, since as a child such a one had come to love the tender and sweet Kuan Yin.

The third Daughter of the Queen takes up her watchful pose as the Regent of skies enters her third cycle. Winter winds have given way to spring breezes. The Sleepy Moon has arrived. The quaint name comes from the drowsiness of spring. In this moon there is celebrated one of the great festivals of the year, the famous Ch'ing Ming, the Feast of Pure Brightness. On this day the graves are visited and decorated and the spirits of the dead venerated and remembered. It is a festival of life, yet a day when the dead are honored. Perhaps it is that the Chinese, with an exquisite sense of appropriateness in their ancestral devotion, choose the time of the year when life is bud-

ding anew, when the pulse of nature is beating warm and strong after the long cold days of winter, when all the world about is enjoying rebirth, to remember the souls of the departed. In that lies a symbolism so nearly Christian, to honor those who have gone into eternity and are enjoying a new birth at the very time when the earth is awakening to a new life.

There is beauty in the very name of the Fourth Moon. It is called the Peony Moon. During this month every garden is at its loveliest. God has blessed the Chinese love of flowers with a gift for growing them which amounts to genius. This fondness of the Chinese for the beauty of flowers has made them give to each Daughter of the Queen a maid-in-waiting, a flower fairy. The Rose Fairy, for instance, is lady-in-waiting during the First Moon; Apricot Blossom during the Second; Peach Bloom in the Third; Mistress Climbing Rose for the Fourth; the Pomegranate Maiden in the Fifth; the Lotus Lady during the Sixth. In the Seventh comes the perfumed Balsam Fairy and in the Eighth the Fairy of the Cassia. The Ninth sees the reign of the Chrysanthemum Queen, the Tenth the Golden Lady of the Marigolds, the Eleventh the lovely Camellia Fairy, and the Twelfth is in charge of the pale Winter Blossom. To the Chinese, the peony is the "King of Flowers" and used to be called the "Ornament of the Empire."

The brassy heat of the Fifth Moon gives strength to its name, the Dragon Moon. Then the fields are in their greatest maturity, nature seems to attain her full stature, all things are full grown. The dragon is the symbol of power and energy. The Dragon

Festival of the Lanterns



Festival on the Fifth of the Fifth Moon is one of the great festivals of all the year. It is regatta time when the celebrated dragon boat races are held wherever water is to be found in China. The origin of these races is lost in the mists of antiquity, yet it is of popular tradition that a Minister of State, Ch'u Yuan, failing to convince his lord of the need for reform, leaped into the crystal waters of T'ung T'ing Lake in Hunan and perished. In honor of his sacrifice the festival cherishes his memory and over the waters which engulfed him they celebrate the feast. Year after year the missionaries in Hunan witness the colorful and thrilling dragon boat races. It is summer holiday time and it is amazing the preparation and the anticipation with which these regattas are awaited.

The great summer heat parches the earth and dries up the springs. Drought is a dire threat. So the Sixth Moon is one of anxious days when rain is fervently beseeched—rain in abundance, in copious continued downpour. The rice fields need the cleansing rain to freshen up the ears for the last weeks before the harvest; the ground needs the deep, penetrating wetness to give a last energy to the hidden roots. Generally there is rain in satisfying amount and that artistic nature of the Chinese beautifies its coming. For with the rains then Lotus, loveliest daughter of the Rains, is born. So the Sixth Moon is the Lotus Moon. After the rains the people go out lotus-viewing. How much we Westerners have missed, for we never have seen the Chinese lotus blooming after the rains, never have beheld that majestic flower in its deep green bower of leaves.

There is a whimsical touch to the picturesque name which the Chinese have for the Seventh Moon. It is the Moon of Hungry Ghosts. The dead who have no one to grieve over them or to remember them are, during this month, considered. Food is placed at the tombs where the unhappy, unremembered spirits might be lingering and perhaps hungry. Likewise the souls of the condemned are released for a space of time and return to enjoy a few of this world's niceties before their parole ends.

Such people of the earth and the fields would be expected to have a Harvest Moon. Indeed the Eighth Moon is the Harvest Moon par excellence. The Harvest Festival takes place on the Fifteenth of the Eighth Moon and on that day is celebrated the Birthday of the Moon. It is in this month that she reaches her greatest brilliance and full roundness. Her regal coolness begins to overcome the great heat of the summer and she infuses her own serenity into the budding autumn. All

through the day and then through the radiant nights of the full moon, the crops are harvested by a grateful people. The labor and sweat of earlier labors are rewarded and the gathering of the harvests is a labor of love.

After the harvests are in, there is a drabness and a lifelessness over the countryside. Leaves turn and fall. All nature is stripped. It is then in a lovely compensative way that the Chrysanthemum Moon gladdens the hearts of the lovers of beauty during the Ninth Moon. The Chinese remark that there is something about the chrysanthemum blossom which is at once heartening and saddening. Their infinite colorings and varieties seem tinged with melancholy and the shadow of parting.

The Kindly Moon is the Tenth Moon when the first snow falls to moisten and benefit the dried earth. In some parts of China the days of the Kindly Moon are occupied with a tradition that goes well with the name of the month. The autumn harvest is safely lodged away and men of the country and the fields have comparative leisure. So a special association, called the "Society of Neglected Bones," inspects lonely graves in out-of-the-way places to repair and beautify the tombs and also to provide burial sites and coffins for the poor.

The Eleventh Moon waxes high on snowswept landscapes. The White Moon casts a cold, penetrating radiance over mountains and valleys, cities and towns, during the period of the great cold. On the Fifteenth of this moon, when the White Moon stands far overhead in her effulgent roundness, the Chinese maintain that this is the one night of the year when the moon casts no shadow. The Winter Solstice is suitably celebrated, since with this turning point of the year the long, cold days will soon be over and the stirrings of spring not far to the future.

So goes the cycle of the Moon Year. The last of the moons, the Bitter Moon, is one of feverish preparation and much bustle. It is the prelude to the great carnival of the New Year. Housecleaning occupies the housewives, the wealthy re-lacquer their ornate gates, outer walls are whitewashed, all a symbolic expression of the desire to scuff off the dying year with its defects and failings. One of the oldest customs in China prevails on the Twenty-fourth of this moon. It is the celebrated farewell to the Kitchen God. He is sent off to heaven in great style, since upon arrival in the heavenly regions he must report on the behavior of each family during the past year. Every Chinese kitchen has a little niche where reposes the image of the Kitchen God, Tsao Wang. Such a niche is generally warm from close proximity to the stove and hence the favorite lounging place



MARTHA'S NEW YEAR GREETING

By FRANCIS FLAHERTY, C.P.

MARTHA is a second generation Christian. Her parents were converted to Catholicism by the zealous Spanish Augustinians who first penetrated the devil's stronghold of northwestern Hunan. Martha herself was baptized about thirty years ago. She is now well past middle age and the mother of six children. As wealth goes in our poverty-stricken district, Martha's husband is rather well-to-do.

Martha's home is situated on the road to Liulincha, some fifteen miles from the Wuki mission. The winding paths through the rice fields necessitate walking to get anywhere in that part of the country. With little ones always peopling the home, it can readily be seen that this circumstance, plus distance, makes it difficult for Martha to attend church. Now and then a missionary will stop at her home to rest, on his occasional visits to a fellow missionary, thirty miles over the mountains.

But Martha's sound Catholic training and lively Faith have steelled her to the hardships of travel, and once or twice a year she would manage a visit to the mission to make her Easter duty, and pay a necessary social visit to her sister who lived in Wuki.

On an evening of the New Year season some years back, I was standing in the doorway of the priest's residence, contemplating the unmelted snow on the mountain tops. Suddenly, through the main gate of the mission compound, stepped a woman with a child in a basket on her back and an older child

in tow. The visitor turned out to be no other than Martha, dressed up in her New Year finery. A smile, a hail, and a gracious bow to the priest! Quickly I returned a fond "hello," happy in the sight of this good, Christian woman. Immediately I invited Martha into my office for a rest and a sip of tea, knowing she must be weary after a long walk with such a burden. And here Martha manifested a singular delicacy in her Catholic training.

"Just a minute, Father. I must wish Our Lord a Happy New Year." With which remark, Martha stepped into the chapel adjoining the residence, and fell to her knees. The spontaneity of her remark and the directness of purpose in her visit to the Blessed Sacrament made me feel that she had looked forward to this visit with Our Lord for many a weary mile and long hour.

A somewhat ungraceful genuflection, (don't forget the baby on her back), a short and silent prayer, and Martha comes out of the Church her face lit up with a radiant smile.

"Happy New Year, Father! Happy New Year!" This and a little chit-chat with her seldom seen pastor. But in my mind, overshadowing the conversation like a sweet incense, was the consciousness of the splendid Faith of this good woman, who put first things first—a greeting to Our Lord in His tabernacle, and only afterward a New Year wish to His representative, the priest. May we all be as delicate as Martha in our relations with God.

for cockroaches. Perhaps only the Chinese can see the poetry in such a circumstance and in China, cockroaches are called Tsao Wang Ma, that is, the Kitchen God's horses.

Many anxious moments confront those in debt. The New Year must find everyone free of debt. Casually, a Chinese will borrow today to pay his New Year debts and the following Bitter Moon borrow anew to cover the ensuing debt, a financial vicious circle.

This has been but a hurried trip through the courts of the Moon Year.

Each month of the twelve literally teems with entrancing customs and expressions of an ancient, artistic, poetic race. Century after century the wealth of China in her glamorous existence has been added to. One stops to think and visualize that had Christianity come to China in the earliest years of the Christian Church, what a magnificent liturgy would have resulted, what thrilling expressions of devotion to the One True God would have developed, a Chinese liturgy which would be the pride and glory of the Church of God.

CLOSED SHOP—Schmidt

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it stirs up class spirit, enmity, and intolerance. The justice of issues is not settled by the partisanship of the worker. The closed shop is a petty totalitarianism akin in theory and practice to the one-party systems of Fascist and Communist Europe. It is better devised for the service of power than for the service of justice. Inherent in it is a tendency toward autocratic leadership and contemptible dictatorship. The spectacle of 400,000 miners leaving their work last month because a labor leader decided, *ex parte*, that a contract had ended, is enough demonstration of the dangers inherent in the one-party, closed-shop system.

Another thing the champions of the closed shop forget is the good that can be served by having an opposition party in labor groupings. It is one thing to settle issues by majority vote. It is quite a different thing to settle group or organizational allegiance by mere majority vote. When the Democrats pass a tax bill, the Republicans must pay the tax; but the Republicans do not have to become Democrats. It is only because trade unions have put themselves on a parity with government that they have been able to argue so vociferously about the "free rider," who is unwilling to pay them the tribute which they require for the services they render.

In theory and in practice the closed shop is a means of dragging unanimity in matters of labor education and in matters of economic well-being. If all discussion in such areas were open and shut, there might be some logic to the closed shop. But not even the majorities or the leaders of trade union movements are omniscient. If the legitimate aspirations of trade unions stand to be endangered or corrupted by employer interference, the proper procedure is not to suppress human freedom within the framework of the trade union movement; rather let us suppress those abuses which corrupt and endanger both free enterprise and the trade union movement itself.

A constitutional system which has thrown such safeguards around the right of free speech should, as it seems to me, be equally careful of the right of persons freely to associate with others. The same constitutional doctrines which forbade the "yellow-dog" contract and interference with the right of workers to unionize should be adequate to enforce freedom of association as against the closed shop.

Industrial democracy is real only if it is imminent in the labor group itself and ordained to the common good of the people. Freedom belongs to that common good.

CLOSED SHOP—Kyne

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the support of judicial interpretation of property rights as a means of keeping the worker an isolated individual without visible means of defense.

The old argument that the union, or the closed shop for that matter, violates the freedom of the individual is attacking nothing but a straw man—the myth of the abstract individual which is at the bottom of the *laissez faire* philosophy. The falsity of such a position was demolished with devastating humor by the famous Mr. Dooley of a generation ago in answer to Mr. Hennessy's question about the open shop: "Sure, 'tis a shop where they keep the door open t' accommodate th' constant stream of min comin' in t' take jobs chaper thin th' min that has th' jobs. 'Tis like this, Hennessy. Suppose one of these freeborn Amerycan citizens is wurkin' in an open shop for the princely wages of wan large iron dollar a day of tin hours. Along comes another freeborn son-o-a-gun, an' he sez to th' boss, 'I think I kin handle th' job for ninety cints.' 'Shure,' sez th' boss, an' th' wan dollar man gits th' merry jinglin' can, an' goes out into the crool world t' exercise his inalienable rights as a freeborn Amerycan citizen t' scab on some other poor devil. An' so it goes on, Hennessy. An' who gets the benefit? True, it saves the boss money, but he don't care no more fur money thin he does for his right eye. It's all principle wid him. He hates to see th' men robbed of their indeppindence. They must have their indeppindence, regardless of anything else."

The trade union movement is built around Mr. Dooley's insight that the worker is not an abstract individual

enjoying the inalienable right to do as he pleases, but one who by virtue of his status as a worker is immediately in relation with his fellow workers as well as with his employer. This status not only carries with it certain rights, but it also imposes certain duties, and in justice he has no right to act in such a way that his fellow workers have to suffer for it. The trade union, in a very basic sense, is nothing more than the organized expression of that status and responsibility. In this it is comparable to the position a man holds as a citizen or resident of a city. By the mere fact of residing in a city, enjoying its services and protection, and making his life there, a man obtains the status of a citizen or resident which immediately carries with it certain obligations. He has to abide by its laws, pay the taxes that are levied, participate in its government through the exercise of the vote, and go out to defend it, even with his life if need be. For the most part we never think of such obligations as depriving man of his inalienable rights to freedom and equality. Indeed, we recognize that they are the duties which accompany the right of citizenship, and, far from depriving man of his liberty, they make it possible in community life.

JUST as a man becomes a citizen through participating in the life of the community, so, labor maintains, a man should become a union member through becoming a worker in a shop. The closed shop is no more than the realization of this principle.

The comparison with citizenship is illuminating in still another way. The basic principle of trade unionism might be described as the ideal of self-government. The union affirms the principle that the worker has a right to have



Color Blind

► At the Stork Club one night not long ago, a well-known man about the big town was shooting off his mouth when he should have been listening. Loud and without pulling any punches, he was letting it be known that he

particularly disliked the color of an entertainer—a talented colored musician who was a wizard at the piano. After the complainant was quite finished, a lady at his table suggested:

"But remember, it takes the black and white keys both, to play the 'Star Spangled Banner.'"

—Jay Kelly

his say in matters which directly concern him in his work, such as wages, hours, and working conditions. Just as the citizen exercises his right of self-government through his representatives and elected officials, so the worker achieves self-government through his union and its elected officials. We don't think it undemocratic to expect every citizen to do his duty toward his government and to "coerce" him to abide by its laws, to pay its taxes, and, if need be, to defend it with his life. Indeed, we recognize that such things are the conditions of self-government in a democratic society.

Now the union is the government of the workers for their affairs as workers, and all the closed shop maintains is that every worker has an obligation to take part in that government. The way it works in practice can be seen in the lawyers' Bar Association, particularly the so-called "integrated bar," which, while not exactly parallel in all respects to the industrial closed shop, has the advantage of being relatively noncontroversial. The legal profession through its Bar Association is a self-governing profession; it sets its standards and sees that its members conform to them through requiring that no man can practice law who is not a member of the bar. The requirement that every lawyer must be a member of the bar is not considered to be any infringement upon the freedom of the lawyer but is recognized as a condition for the practice of the law. Labor would apply the same principle to industry where it is possible and necessary.

While the Bar Association is usually admitted to be a means of preventing shysters and shyster practices, the industrial closed shop is usually attacked as making for the dictatorship of unions, for racketeering, Communist control, and the like. There are instances of such evils, but it should be recognized that they are abuses and nothing inherent in the closed shop as such. The remedy for them is not to abolish the closed shop or the union, any more than the remedy for a grafter or crooked politician is to abolish democratic government. In both cases the remedy is more and better democracy with a fuller and more active participation of the people. The closed shop provides the best means of assuring such participation. That is why the closed shop is usually said to be necessary for union security.

One of the main causes of labor insecurity is division among the workers, just as the division among the people on fundamentals is one of the great causes of weakness in a democracy. The unorganized worker existing along side of the union men is always a

The Challenger



► Bob Hope told the story of a man who waited one crisp morning for a Chicago-bound train. When, due to some emergency, the speedy *Challenger* came to a halt, the man immediately rushed to board it.

"You can't get on here," said the conductor. "This train doesn't stop at this station!"

"Well, okay," said the traveler. "If the *Challenger* don't stop here then I ain't on it."

potential, if not an actual, threat to the security of the union. He shares in every benefit achieved by the union but only as a parasite on the other unionized workers. At the same time by being out of the reach of union discipline he is always potentially the nucleus for a fifth column against the union in its fight for justice. The result is that the workers within the shop are divided and working against one another, whereas they should be united, not only to see that they get their rights, but also to give their full efforts to the problems of production.

THE closed shop provides basic union security by ruling that union membership is one of the conditions of work. Of course, it is not the only condition, although those who attack the closed shop often talk as though there were no other conditions at all.

The first condition is the ability to do the kind of work that is called for by the job. Then there are the directions for work laid down for the job, such as the hours, the tools to be used, the supervision of the foreman, and the like. Then, too, there are the social security taxes to be withdrawn from the worker's pay check. Such things are restrictions on the abstract freedom of the individual, if you want to call them that, but, in fact, they are merely the conditions of the job. The worker is free to accept the job or to reject it, but once he accepts it he by that fact also accepts the conditions. The closed shop is, or should be, just such a condition. For in our industrialized economy in which there are great numbers of workers in a single shop, there is no question but that there must be an organization of the laboring force. Otherwise there would be no order and the work would not be accomplished as it should.

The only question is whether the organization of labor should be carried out by labor, management, or government. There should be no doubt, especially in a democratic society, that the organization of labor is most prop-

erly the work of labor itself. The closed shop is the full recognition of that fact, and those who are trying to ban the closed shop, by legislation or otherwise, are denying the basic truth that labor should be responsible for the organization of labor. As a matter of fact, that is recognized as the law of the land.

Finally, it should be noted that the closed shop is established in accord with the basic democratic standards of our society. The majority of the workers within a shop chooses the union to represent all of them, which establishes the framework of what might be called the workers' government. This act does not disestablish the minority and leave it without rights, any more than the establishment of our national government deprived those voting against it of their rights. It only shifted the framework within which the rights of the minority find its protection. Within the closed shop there are two basic protections for minority rights: first, the board to handle complaints under an impartial judge; and, secondly, the opportunity of the minority to work within the union to win adherents to its policy. The union, after all, is the creature and the servant of its members. It is a democratic organization, notwithstanding the very few exceptions played up by the press.

The closed shop, far from aiming at union dictation, is in fact the culminating effort to achieve union democracy. It aims to achieve an organization which will include, not only the elite of labor, but all the workers, with each and every one of them taking a full and active part in the affairs of his union. If the American workers were doing that to the full of their ability today, we would not need to worry about the few grafters, racketeers, and Communists in the labor movement. With all workers united and participating in their unions, America will be able to realize the ideal of self-government in economic life and achieve democracy in the economic as well as the political sphere.



Books



CITY IN THE SUN

By Karon Kehoe. 269 pages. Dodd, Mead, & Company. \$2.50

In what is apparently a first novel, Karon Kehoe, winner of the 1946 Intercollegiate Literary Fellowship, has accomplished a difficult feat: she has raised her voice in behalf of racial minorities without ever striking a false propagandist note. There are no diatribes, but there is an unmistakable indictment. The guardians of American democracy might well blush and hold their tongues until they have set their own house in order. So might also patriotic Americans who forget, or are ashamed of, their own racial origins.

Miss Kehoe must know whereof she speaks, for as secretary to the Chief of Internal Security at a War Relocation Center in Arizona she was an eyewitness of the atrocities inflicted upon Japanese-American evacuees from California during World War II, of the government bungling and inefficiency, and of the racial hatreds and maladjustments with which human nature is beset. One marvels at the restraint with which she relates a brutal story; only occasionally does she display a touch of bitter sarcasm which, if unchecked, could have ruined her work.

The story lacks a well-defined plot, but there is sufficient movement and sympathy to hold the reader's attention. Immediately after Pearl Harbor, FBI agents descend upon the Matsukis, a peaceful, law-abiding, Christian family debarred from citizenship by law. The father, an American college graduate, is sent to an alien internment camp. His wife and fourteen-year-old son, Coke, are left to sample American democracy in action, aided and abetted and brought to a climax by evacuation orders from a government which prides itself on being a haven and a refuge for the persecuted people of the world. They are sent to Maricopa, a relocation center in the Arizona desert, where Coke, taking lessons from his elders, heads straight for the juvenile delinquency records. At the end the Matsukis are reunited and on their way to resettlement as domestic servants in New England, but both the Matsukis



Karon Kehoe

and the reader have grave doubts that their future will be any better. In spite of this doubt, the book is saved from pessimism by the fact that the negative is developed into a picture of what American democracy ought to be. So long as someone still knows what it ought to be, there is hope.

The book stands on its idea rather than on its technique. It is well written, but the character drawing is sketchy and superficial: you are more concerned with what happens to these people and why, than with them as individuals. Occasional profanity may be excused but blasphemy never. FORTUNATA CALIRI

THUNDER OUT OF CHINA

By Theodore H. White and Annalee Jacoby. 331 pages. William Sloane Associates. \$3.50

Two *Time* Magazine reporters, who together constituted *Time's* Chungking Bureau during the war years, herein record their observations, speculations, and recommendations on the mess that is China. Gracefully, at times beautifully, at times forcefully written, the story of China is told from the rise of the Kuomintang down to last summer. And the burden of it all is that China is a mess—physically, politically, educationally. The blame is laid squarely at the door of Chiang Kai-shek and the corruption and feudal framework of his Kuomintang, aided and supported by American arms and policy. It is true the Communists have their knuckles rapped time and again in these pages. But the most glowing, the most analytical, the most haunting, the most extensive indictments are lavished on the National Government.

This is perhaps understandable. Outside of a few weeks one of them spent in Communist China, the authors' firsthand knowledge was confined to provinces under Chiang's control. Familiarity with the corruption they could see bred the usual contempt. Nor was complete objectivity nourished by palace gossip at the American Embassy in Chungking.

The Stilwell incident and Ambassador Gauss' resignation are dwelt on. Patrick J. Hurley emerges as a cross between a blustering moron and a contriving partisan. In their anxiety to demonstrate how great a failure he was in China, the authors in blaming Hurley on page 249 for not creating harmony

between Stilwell and Chiang Kai-shek seem to have forgot that on page 220 they relate Hurley was not to blame; that a signed letter from President Roosevelt to Chiang, of which Hurley had no knowledge, was to blame.

The over-all value of this book is great if it serves no other purpose than to demonstrate that there is no all black and all white in the political setup in China, that American policy must be grounded on that fact. It is a pity that the authors have skirted one central fact most germane to any solution: China happens to have a legitimate government to which Russia as well as America is bound by treaty. It is a pity, too, that the authors give no evidence of being aware that there is such a thing as religion among the factors that must redeem the Chinese peasant. After all, industrialization and modernization will be of scant benefit to them in pagan China unless there be the Christian concept of man's individual dignity on which democracy itself rests.

DAVID BULMAN, C. P.

LAND OF PROMISE

By Walter Havighurst. 384 pages. The Macmillan Company. \$3.00

There were giants in the land in those days. To mention a few: George Rogers Clark, the rugged youth whose coonskin cap bobbed on his shock of red hair as he led his gaunt band of starving Kentucky riflemen through the winter wilderness to wrest an empire from the British in '77; the two Simons—Girty and Kenton. Before they died their names were on the lips of every man, woman, and child along the frontier. Girty's, "the white savage," they whispered with fear and terror; Kenton's with love and devotion.

There were others whose skin was red, not white. Thé great Tecumseh and his brother, the Prophet. Together they saw their dream of an Indian confederacy ground into the bloody banks of Tippecanoe, ironically enough later to become the keynote of one of America's most stirring presidential campaigns.

Unfortunately, their deeds and stories are forgotten. Their fabulous stories



W. Havighurst

shrugged off with a sentence in a history book. Touch them though when you find them and they ring with the long, clear note of greatness.

Their stories and many more of the same type have been scooped up from the dustbin of history, carefully polished with liquid prose and flashes of imaginative color, and placed with loving care between the covers of a book Walter Havighurst has entitled *Land of Promise*. It is the story of the Northwest Territory, which today comprises the states of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, and part of Minnesota.

A copy of this book should be thrust into the hands of every American History teacher. This is the way our nation's immortal stories should be told—living and breathing with gusty life and the spirit of the times—not creaking in every joint from wanting the oil of mutual interest or shamefacedly stumbling before its pupils in yesterday's teaching clothes.

JAMES D. HORAN

FRIENDSHIP HOUSE

By Catherine De Hueck. 157 pages. Sheed and Ward. \$2.00

"I never knew what Catholicism could mean until I went down to Friendship House and the *Catholic Worker*," a young man who is studying for the priesthood said recently. Perhaps that is how many have felt after becoming familiar with these two vigorous movements. Several years ago, in order to acquaint Catholics everywhere with the nature of the *Catholic Worker*, Dorothy Day wrote *House of Hospitality*. Now the Baroness De Hueck, internationally known foundress of the House of Friendship, writes similarly of the Catholic settlement houses designed for the needs of the American Negro.

It is pleasant to be able to report that *Friendship House* makes excellent and profitable reading. The author's flights of fancy are a bit incredible at times, her manner of expression dramatic; still her style is never clumsy, her presentation never dull. Several of the "staff workers" of the Houses of Friendship have also contributed to the book, imitating the Baroness' style closely, perhaps deliberately.

Friendship House takes the form of a series of episodes. With repetition designed presumably for emphasis, they bring out the Negro's problems: inadequate housing, discrimination even in Catholic schools and colleges, menial jobs, temptations, Communism. We have heard them all before but they still have the power to shock us and arouse us from our lethargy. Wishing to know what to do to alleviate at least a part of the misery so vividly presented to us here, we turn to the people of Friendship House. They have had the courage and foresight to act

positively, to draw up a blueprint for action. Its execution calls for much more aid.

ELIZABETH SLOYAN

MORALS IN POLITICS AND PROFESSIONS

By Francis J. Connell, C.S.S.R. 187 pages. Newman Bookshop. \$2.50

The work of the moral theologian is not restricted to explaining the changeless principles of Catholic morality; he must constantly apply these fixed standards of right and wrong to the new and diversified problems which confront our people in their respective walks of life. It is for this reason that Father Connell's work can be termed a valuable contribution to the science of Moral Theology. Within its pages many of the current moral issues which must be faced by legislators, judges, lawyers, military and police officers, doctors, nurses, public school teachers, and social service workers are satisfactorily treated for the first time in the light of Catholic principles. This is particularly true of that corrupt American practice called graft, which pervades every level of officialdom and which has received to date only meager consideration in the textbooks of Moral Theology.

Father Connell's work is comprehensive, for he discusses and resolves all the major moral problems pertinent to the professions mentioned above. It is scientific because he presents together with his solutions the reasons which determined his decisions. It is practical for it is characterized by that clarity of thought, that exactness of expression, that soundness of judgment which have always distinguished the author's teaching and writing.

Most of the chapters of this highly recommended book appeared originally in a series of articles published in the *American Ecclesiastical Review*.

THEODORE FOLEY, C.P.

A TESTIMONY TO GRACE

By Avery Dulles. 121 pages. Sheed and Ward. \$1.50

When Avery Dulles entered Harvard College in 1936, he was what can be safely classified as a pagan of the modern sort. In his theological and philosophical thinking, he was a victim of the stampede of errors set in motion by the so-called Reformers and their henchmen of later and modern times. And he was a pitifully damaged victim—so pitifully that it was only the Grace of God that nursed him back to normal health.

That paganism Avery Dulles left behind him one gray February afternoon when he closed Augustine's *De Civitate Dei* in Widener Library and decided to go out into the open air. As he



F. J. Connell

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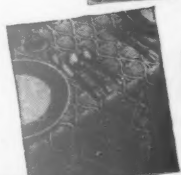
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walked along the banks of the Charles River, he happened to look at a young tree with its buds just beginning to awaken to the faint call of spring. His mind was befuddled and his heart empty. Then, as he writes, "into that vacuum stepped the Grace of God." For he saw in those young buds a law at work—a law which was the expression of a creative and guiding Intelligence and Will. His soul was open to the God of Christianity.

But he did not then immediately become a Catholic. He acquainted himself with nearly all the non-Catholic denominations. And in none did he find that for which he was looking. Disillusioned, he determined to investigate the Catholic Church. After a study which removed all doubt that Christ established the Catholic Church, Mr. Dulles embraced Catholicism.

In *A Testimony To Grace* Mr. Dulles gives a very fine refutation of Liberalism. His small book provides a grateful service to all, whether they are inclined to the Church or not. For it clearly shows that "if thought alone can not bring us back to the faith of our ancestors, God grant that it may at least restore us to the level of ancient civilization and thus serve to stem the tidal wave of barbarism which threatens to engulf us." PAUL JOSEPH DIGNAN, C.P.

CONGRESS AT THE CROSSROADS

By George B. Galloway, 374 pages.
Thomas Y. Crowell Company, \$3.50

Congress has always been a favorite butt of jokes and wisecracks for the American public. Lord Bryce noted that fact in his classic study of American life generations ago, and any day we find renewed evidence of it.



G. B. Galloway

Yet Congress is not only an essential part of our form of government but is also the key and the hope of a free and representative government. Mr. Galloway deeply appreciates that truth and demonstrates it with abundant documentation. But he is aware also that Congress has reached a crisis in its affairs as the increasing need for federal government action has built up the presidential power to the detriment of the congressional. In this comprehensive and factual study the author proves point by point how the loss of congressional power and authority can be traced to the failure of Congress to adapt its machinery to the new and greatly increased tasks which now confront it, trying to meet the needs of twentieth-century industrialized society with the ways and means adapted to the much simpler times of a hundred years ago. In brief, he presents in full the case for the reconstruction and reorganization of Congress.

Mr. Galloway is especially well equipped for this task since he was the staff director of the Joint Committee on the Organization of Congress that produced the Legislative Reorganization Act which was passed this last summer. His book was in the press when this act was passed, as a postscript points out. As a matter of fact, however, the whole work might well be looked upon as a historical and analytical commentary on this act. It presents all the relevant materials showing the need for reorganization and a very extensive critical survey of possible congressional reforms. Animated throughout by the desire to build a better and more workable Congress, it is eloquent testimony of the ability of American democracy to find the weaknesses in its make-up and to supply adequate remedies for them. For anyone who is curious about the function of Congress, its trials and tribulations as well as its virtues, this book is "must" reading.

OTTO BIRD

HURRY UP, PLEASE, IT'S TIME

By Elizabeth Hawes, 245 pages.
Reynal & Hitchcock, \$2.50

Ex-staff writer for PM, now a union organizer for UAW-CIO and a field representative for its educational department, Elizabeth Hawes thinks it's time for everybody to get busy on the job of hastening the "happily in-



Elizabeth Hawes evitable advent of socialism in the U.S.A." Giving definitions is not down her line, but she does speak of the "real socialism of the USSR." So presumably this fiery and, in some respects, admirable challenger of American big business envisions her Utopia of tomorrow along the lines of a Soviet pattern. While protesting that she is not a Communist, she follows the party line with unswerving devotion and manages to be unblushingly virile in the language she uses to describe the "Red-baiters" and the "fascists" for whom "the Red bogey is just a trick to blind us to the truth."

In her own union she belongs to the George Addes faction, consequently Walter Reuther's name becomes synonymous with "Red-baiting" and the Redhead himself emerges from her appraisal as a glib fence-straddler, a scheming opportunist, a publicity-mad showman whose loyalty to true unionism is ever under suspicion. Apparently only a trade unionist who plays ball with the CPers merits the accolade for loyalty from Miss Hawes. Despite her almost smug irritability over some people's failure to think straight and hard on social problems, it never seems to dawn on authoress Hawes that trade unions can function effectively only in a capitalist economy and that the "real

THE † SIGN

socialism" she admires is the one system that makes trade unionism a farce.

It would be unjust to say that there is nothing admirable in Miss Hawes' story. People like her have a genuine appreciation of other people's misery and they are willing to do something about it—even though doing something is a costly job in terms of personal discomfort. One can't help cheering her very laudable indignation against mistreatment of the Negroes and her real, even if merely naturalistic, awareness of the need for all men to shoulder the burdens of their fellows. But the few gems of solid thought in Miss Hawes' book are so easily lost in a mess of pink-tinged eyewash that it isn't worth your time to go looking for them.

AUGUSTINE P. HENNESSY, C. P.

ST. MARTIN OF TOURS

By Henri Gheon. 180 pages. Sheed and Ward. \$2.00

Henri Gheon's latest work, *St. Martin of Tours*, the English translation published posthumously, is more than a biography of France's patron saint. It is also Gheon's farewell message to France that had known him as an apostate, then a repentant prodigal son. Reduced to its simplest terms, the volume is an appeal to the nation to return to the deep and martial faith of St. Martin; to "re scrutinize its ideas and its judgments and its scale of values." Then hope will live again for its war-weary people.

As a chronicle of the extraordinary zeal of a fourth-century priest and bishop, himself a convert to Christianity, who conquered hostile pagans and heretics, emperors and kings by his sermons and prodigious number of miracles, the book will be a revelation to many. And it is Gheon's theme that it was the Gallic apostle's faith—the faith of a mystic—that accomplished the gigantic task of christianizing every acre of France. To the incredulous, he offers a lucid explanation of mysticism as it operates in the lives of great saints.

Perhaps it is Gheon's overexuberance for his subject, or it may be a lack of biographical data, but he seems occasionally to lapse into the legendary. This will likely trouble his American readers. But his French followers who revere him as the founder of the *Nouvelle Revue Française* and organizer of the drama group, *Compagnons de Notre Dame*, will treasure the book as a testament of his living faith.

ELIZABETH NUGENT

THE SWORD

By Helene Searcy Puls. 91 pages. The Monastine Press. \$2.00

As the old Irish would say, this is a book of "homely" poems. Whether the author is writing of "A Prospector's Cabin" in the Colorado Rockies or of the

January, 1947

"high spiritual adventure!" —AMERICA



GAILHAC OF BEZIERS

by Helene Magaret

It was the humble Father Gailhac who founded the Society of the Sacred Heart of Mary, the Society whose schools continue the high standard of Catholic teaching in France, Portugal, England, Ireland and America. One need only visit Marymount College on the Hudson or the other schools of the order to see for oneself the fruits of Father Gailhac's untiring zeal.

America says: "Of all forms of biography the most difficult seems to

be hagiography. It is so easy to emphasize the saint that all traces of the man may well be lost. Or again holiness may be clouded out of the picture. One of the many merits of this book is that it goes to neither extreme. With sincerity and perfect simplicity the author has brought before us a man whose life and works can be an inspiration to American Catholics, clergy and laity alike." "Highly recommended."—*Library Journal*, Frontispiece 262 pages \$3.50

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Dneiper Dam in the Russian Ukraine, there is a pulse of quiet sincerity beating in the words and simple rhythms. The poems dealing with the objective are not as noteworthy as those where the author delves into the subjective for the past emotion to recreate. But even in objective notation, Mrs. Puls has a sharp and sometimes disconcerting accuracy in observation and expression. In a stanza or line that is too easy, with the pat words falling too neatly into place, a sharp image leaps from the page: a hummingbird with "a bib of rubies as he fed in petalled bins"; "Day's End" becoming, from "the ugly clay Of four o'clock—Sudden a crockery Bluer than Delft." Mrs. Puls feels deeply and can deliver not only a communication of thought but a vivid communication of emotion.

The book is designed, hand-set, and printed beautifully by Mr. Clifford J. Laube at his home-printery in Richmond Hill, N. Y., and has, in addition, an attractive binding which makes it a pleasant book to own and read.

ALBAN LYNCH, C.P.

EAMON DE VALERA

By M. J. McManus. 281 pages. Ziff-Davis Publishing Co. \$3.00

Dogged insistence on logic can sometimes expose a man to the fate of being called a fanatic; and a stubborn realist whose ideals refuse to yield ground to compromise is often apt to find himself labeled a rain-



bow chaser. The English have called Eamon De Valera a fanatic; and those of his own Irish comrades who subscribed to the half-a-loaf-is-better-than-none philosophy have called him a rain-bow chaser. But to M. J. McManus, literary editor of De Valera's paper, *Irish Press*, "Dev" is a knight in shining armor, tirelessly campaigning for the twin ideals of independence and unity, faultlessly building his political career upon unquestionable integrity, unflagging patience, and an unforgettable personality.

Mr. McManus admits in the Foreword of his book that, writing from the viewpoint of an admirer, he may not have done justice to De Valera's opponents. But even when he is most partisan, his interpretation of events and his appraisal of personalities sound plausible. In his treatment of that sad, confused, and dismal period when the London Treaty of 1921 was under discussion, Michael Collins and Arthur Griffith are represented as pathetic, vacillating figures bullied into submission by Lloyd George, who was as ruthless as he was wily. Yet these were brave men who had risked their lives for Ireland; and that is why the story of

Ireland's civil war is doubly tragic and doubly sad.

De Valera's domestic policy has been established on the principle of self-sufficiency for Ireland under God. "We have said good-by forever," he declared, "to the day in which this country was a grazing ranch for feeding other people, a dumping ground for the manufactures of other people, and a country in which our own people were brought up for export like cattle." But neither this doctrine of self-sufficiency nor Ireland's neutrality during the recent war indicates that De Valera is an isolationist in international affairs. His famous speech before the League of Nations in 1932 embodied his convictions on the importance of international co-operation. Unfortunately, an Ireland with such a statesman still waits in vain for admission to the UN.

DENIS O'FARREL

ON SECOND THOUGHT

By James Gray. 528 pages. Univ. of Minnesota Press. \$3.00

Literary reviewer for two decades, James Gray has taken time out to rescue some of his best criticisms from the dusty archives of various newspapers. Though the close student of contemporary literature may often find himself in strong disagreement with the Gray evaluations, it cannot be denied that he has been a discerning analyst and observer of the modern scene.



James Gray

Selecting about fifty of the best-known modern authors, he groups them under rather intriguing chapter heads and proceeds to perform his one-man autopsy. Under the listing "Four Rich Uncles" we find Arnold Bennett, John Galsworthy, H. G. Wells, and George Bernard Shaw. Willa Cather and Ellen Glasgow are "Aunts from Virginia." "Forever Panting and Forever Young" covers Thomas Wolfe and William Saroyan and "The Catastrophe of Competence" disposes of Edna Férbér and Louis Bromfield.

The Gray observations and reviews are well written in the crisp, lucid style of newspapermen, but his ventures into the realm of philosophy are less successful. While evaluating the panorama of recent literary endeavor with deft journalistic dispatch, Gray falls into the rut of most modern book critics in underestimating to a great extent the inherent danger and insidiousness of the current output. Appreciating his ability, one can only wish that it was accompanied by the keen understanding of moral values exhibited, for example, by a John S. Kennedy or a Harold C. Gardiner.

JERRY COTTER

SHORT NOTICES

VISITATIONS OF OUR LADY. By Richard F. Norton. 181 pages. Published and distributed by the author: 420 High St., Dedham, Mass. \$2.00. We cannot know or appreciate too much the influence Our Lady has in the lives of us all. Her power reaches down from heaven and touches many parts of the earth. Sometimes her role as Mother of Divine Grace expresses itself in the form of visitations to a few chosen souls, not for their benefit alone, but for the benefit of all her children. This extraordinary phase of Mary's operations, her apparitions and her messages, her words of reproof, her warnings, and her motherly counsels, Father Norton has set down in these narratives. There are twenty-three accounts; well-known appearances, like Lourdes, La Salette, Guadalupe, and Fatima; and some lesser known, like Knock in Ireland and Capacrocce in Italy.

THE FORMATIVE YEARS. By John Tracy Ellis. 415 pages. The American Catholic Historical Association. \$3.00. The author expresses in his preface the idea that this work may one day serve as an introduction to a history of the Catholic University of America. The book is rather a preliminary chapter in such a history. Presented in it is the story of the work and activity leading up to the actual founding of the University. It was Archbishop Martin J. Spalding who suggested the enterprise to the Second Council of Baltimore over which he presided in 1866. His role as the animating spirit behind the undertaking is interestingly presented, as is also the work of Miss Mary G. Caldwell and Bishop John J. Keane. Father Ellis recreates the proper historical atmosphere by drawing from contemporary letters, newspaper accounts, and official documents.

BREVILOQUIUM. By St. Bonaventure, Translated by Erwin Esser Nemmers. 248 pages. B. Herder Book Publishing Co. \$3.00. Written at the request of his brethren sometime around 1256, St. Bonaventure's "short treatise" is a synopsis of his commentaries on the *Sentences* of Peter Lombard. Now translated into English for the first time, this theological classic is divided into seven parts: The Trinity of God; The Creation of the World; The Corruption of Sin; The Incarnation of the Word; The Grace of the Holy Ghost; The Sacramental Remedy; and The Final Judgment. Priests and seminarians ought to make room for this book right next to their volumes of St. Thomas' *Summa*.

Reviewers

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Fiction in Focus



By JOHN S. KENNEDY

New Orleans Woman by Harnett T. Kane

Pavilion of Women by Pearl S. Buck
The World of Idella May by Richard Sullivan

Moonrise by Theodore Strauss

The Memorial by Christopher Isherwood

Toil of the Brave by Inglis Fletcher

New Orleans Woman by Harnett T. Kane

► The author has brought off something of a feat in compressing into 337 pages and giving fictional form to the true story of Myra Clark Gaines. Mrs. Gaines learned, upon reaching adulthood, that she was the child, not of the couple who had brought her up, but of Daniel Clark and a Creole named Zulime. Had Clark and Zulime been married? Was Myra born in or out of wedlock? The answers were important in determining not only her legitimacy but also her title to Clark's millions.

Myra set out to establish her status in law and her claim to the estate. She met bitter and resourceful opposition. But she was a stubborn fighter. She battled in the courts throughout her life, often sinking to the meanest poverty in order to keep the case going. The extent of the litigation may best be indicated by saying that it was taken to the Supreme Court of the United States seventeen times and was not settled until after Myra's death, practically sixty-five years from its inception.

Mr. Kane has done much telescoping and simplification. His characters are hardly more than crayon sketches; his backgrounds are like stage scenery. Some questionable romanticizing has been deliberately perpetrated. But it is the case which matters, and Mr. Kane conveys its essence and Myra's spirit.

(Doubleday, \$2.75)

Pavilion of Women by Pearl S. Buck

► Like most of Miss Buck's recent productions, this does not read at all like the work of a Nobel Prize winner. It is facile, but obvious and empty. The author's familiarity with Chinese life and her ability to effect a simulation

of it on the printed page account for all the merit the novel has. The content and meaning of the story are from the slick-fiction stock room.

Madame Wu, wife of a wealthy Chinese, decides at forty to cease marital relations with her husband and procure a concubine for him. It is her plan now to age gracefully and give her full attention to the running of her populous, complex household. Confronted with crises in the marriages of some of her children and of her oldest friend, she discovers that she does not know so much as she thought she did about the relationships of men and women.

As tutor to one of her sons she engages an occidental priest in Franciscan garb. From him she learns about the world beyond her little orbit, as well as the true nature of love. When the priest is killed, she realizes that she has loved him. Now truly wise, and accompanied by his memory which somehow confirms her atheism, she proceeds to make good her mistakes of the past.

It is only at the end of the book that the priest's having been excommunicated by the Catholic Church is stated, but the alert reader has long since divined this. The priest's talk indicates that he has fashioned a religion of his own, high-sounding but intellectually absurd and tainted with pantheism. He was excommunicated, it is disclosed, because of his belief that "it was men and women who were the divine."

(John Day, \$3.00)

The World of Idella May by Richard Sullivan

► Mr. Sullivan here gives an exhaustive account of a spoiled, stupid brat, one Idella May Clocker. Physically attractive, this small-time specimen is mentally vapid and spiritually nonexistent. As she has matured in body, she has fashioned a dream world for herself, one clustered with the clichés of romantic fiction. She thinks of herself as glamorous and irresistible, destined to conquer all the males she meets and to attain wealth, fame, and universal adulation.

She alienates her friends by her lies or her selfishness. And the men who,

she feels, are sure to capitulate to her charm, cast her aside disgustedly: those who seek only animal pleasure find that she is passionless; those who seek something more or something else find that she is utterly vacuous.

Tom Logan, a decent young man who is Catholic, is trapped by desire of her and marries her. He apprehends, even before the ceremony, that he is committing himself to a tyrannous cipher. Their life together is a scourge to both: to him, because of her indestructible falsity and incapacity for being one with another; to her, because of his failure to adore her and provide a luxurious living.

Mr. Sullivan has compiled a tremendous dossier of microscopic, revelatory details about an all-too-common type. Although Idella May is unspeakably repulsive, Mr. Sullivan gives her fascinating treatment, minute and merciless. He is especially good in presenting the plight of her husband. However, at the end Tom is, unfortunately, largely lost sight of. This is a weakness, for there is need of a human character as foil to the frighteningly inhuman Idella May. (Doubleday, \$2.75)

Moonrise by Theodore Strauss

► In the first paragraph of this novel, the protagonist, young Danny Hawkins, is shown looking at the face of the rich, bullying contemporary whom he has just killed in a fight. Danny is the son of a man hanged for murder. That stigma has made life difficult for him. Now he has violently answered all the taunts he has had to bear and has given vent to the secret torment he has long undergone.

The body of the book is devoted to tracing Danny's reaction to his crime and the hunt for its perpetrator. His situation is complicated by the fact that he has only now fallen in love and had his love returned. After much suffering he is helped by the understanding of the girl he loves, of the shrewd sheriff, of an old Negro, and of his grandmother who tells him the whole story of his father's homicide, to surrender to the law and take the punishment it deals him. He does not get away, but he does, for the first time, find himself.

Mr. Strauss evidences a certain skill in telling this story, using a homely style which frequently verges on the preposterous by reason of its deliberate grammatical lapses. The whole narrative smacks strongly of script-writing for the films, some of the dialogue being a verbatim transcript of talk one has heard a hundred or more times in mediocre movies.

(Viking, \$2.50)

The Memorial by Christopher Isherwood

► The jacket of this novel compares it with *Brideshead Revisited*. The sug-

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gested parallel is evidently based on two facts: first, both books deal with disorientation in upper-class English society in the 1920's; secondly, in both a leading character becomes a Catholic. But these are only minor points of likeness.

Mr. Isherwood is doing no more than artistically arranging some phenomena of life in England after the earlier war. He is showing the members and friends of a family of wealth, long established in a country seat, as they are affected by the decline of faith, the changing values, the restlessness, the social upheavals in the years from 1920 to 1930. It makes a sad spectacle: one of confusion and disintegration. But, unlike Mr. Waugh, the author does not comment on it in terms of a deeply rooted, planetary philosophy of life. He does not indicate a satisfactory alternative. The conversion of Eric Vernon is briefly noted in a letter, without preparation or adequate explanation. Eric says merely, "I have the most extraordinary feeling of peace." Thus, there is no hint of conviction.

Using a glancing, elliptic style, Mr. Isherwood limns a series of tormented characters and catches the malaise of a period of trance between one cataclysm and another. His is a deftly wrought, depressing piece.

(New Directions. \$2.75)

Toil of the Brave by Inglis Fletcher

► This is the fourth in a series of historical novels laid in North Carolina; the time is 1779, when the Colonies are still far from winning the Revolutionary War. The present flatulent installment runs for 547 pages and is so protracted and involved that the hero's eyes change color, being hazel on page 47 and gray on page 514.

The man with the aging eyes is Captain Peter Huntley, a staff officer of the Continental line. In North Carolina on a secret mission, he recognizes and pursues a British spy; falls in love with a girl who is infatuated with the spy; is more than affectionate toward a comely widow; is involved in a score of troubles, foreign as well as domestic, besetting the Colonies; takes part in duels, treks to the hinterland, espionage, and battle. After the victory at King's Mountain, he bids the widow a fond farewell and hastens to marry the girl now cured of her passion for the Britisher.

All this is ponderously rehearsed, with no end of detours into matters more or less germane, and with the inevitable concessions to that lubricity which, seemingly, is the mark of your genuine amateur of historical romance. In the author's favor, it may be remarked that some notion of the temper of the times is given.

(Bobbs-Merrill. \$3.00)



"The Good Shepherds"

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I have just finished reading the article, "The Good Shepherds," by Lucile Hasley. I thought perhaps Mrs. Hasley might be interested in hearing what her article suggested to me, a Catholic, living for the past eighteen years in a most non-Catholic section. I admit that I do not meet as many priests as Mrs. Hasley evidently does. I agree with her that they are very different and yet think as a whole they have very much the same qualities.

I like priests because of the courage they have, and in this section a little bit of physical plus a great amount of moral courage is necessary.

I like priests because their lives are our inspiration. We have no sodalities, no Benedictions, no First Fridays—nothing except our Mass on Sunday and our priests to inspire us.

I like them because they never "badger the daylight" out of us for anything. The subject of money is never mentioned in our wee church. After Mass each of us goes to the basket and puts in our small sum.

I like priests because they are humble. Priests here are absolutely dependent on charity, for this is mission territory. I like their immense charity, giving away what little they have to those who have less.

I like priests because they are the best-educated men I meet, and it is a joy to be able to talk with people who are interested in such a variety of subjects, as books, theater, sports, history, religion, etc. I have found, too, that they possess (in most cases), keen minds which means that wit and humor are abundant.

I'm proud of our priests for there is no denying that they have that "something" that Protestant ministers lack. Even non-Catholic school children (who are still tolerant) recognize it. Perhaps it is that faith, that sureness, that joy of good living.

I have met a few priests who could show "Father O'Malley" a thing or two and others who are homely or unattractive, but whose qualities are not lacking. The priest is a comforter in confession, the person at whose feet I feel no hesitation in kneeling, a person who brings the perfect Guest to my home for a few minutes each month, the person who has the power to hold Our Lord in his hands each morning.

Is there any reason why I should not like priests? Let us all thank God for them.

MARIAN N. JONES

Lawrenceville, Va.

On Catholic Scholars

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Dr. O'Brien's article, "Urgently Needed: Scholars," is most timely. Priests and nuns have made worthy contributions to American scholarship but the same is not true of Catholic laymen. While Dr. O'Brien suggests various reasons for this indifferent attitude, he does not mention the fact that rarely do presidents of Catholic colleges urge their faculty members to publish. In most nonsectarian and Protestant colleges and universities, a questionnaire is sent annually to each faculty member and he is obliged to list his scholarly activities and publications.

How many Catholic lay professors belong to the various American learned societies and attend their respective conventions? How many Catholic lay professors hold offices and serve on committees in these societies? There are very, very few.

It is time for Catholic professors to rouse themselves, and through their contributions demand a place in the spotlight of American scholarship.

INTERESTED.

New York City

Laments for Readers

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Brassil Fitzgerald's well-written article "Lament for Readers" places clearly before us the lack of culture in reading today. It is difficult to understand the attraction that the murder mystery story has for adult minds. If the object is to escape from trouble, worry, or monotony, why not a humorous or entertaining tale? Perhaps the opinion of one who completed reading only one mystery story, *The Bellamy Trial*, and who has unsuccessfully tried to read many of our most highly praised best sellers should not be of much value, but we are all entitled to our opinions and so I suppose readers are entitled to the right to select their own reading matter.

The reader is undoubtedly responsible for the success of the best seller. We get the books we pay for, so if readers were to stop buying trashy novels, the publisher would stop printing them, and the unclean-minded author would perforce cease to write. It is heartening to find a book like *The World, the Flesh and Father Smith* a best seller, but what of *Forever Amber* and scores of others of the same ilk?

The pity of it is that young boys and girls, some of them avid readers, have easy access to some awful books introduced into homes by the parents themselves. There is danger of their growing up with a perverted taste for reading and no knowledge or love of good literature. Which reminds me—at an army exhibit a short time ago I viewed an exhibit of camouflaged weapons used by the enemy. On just such a table as we see in our homes lay several nicely bound volumes. When the cover was lifted a bomb exploded causing instant death. Could not a bad book be a camouflaged deadly weapon? Way back in the nineties we began at an early age to read Dickens, Scott, Thackeray and thus our taste for reading was formed. All of our reading matter we obtained from the bookcase in our own homes.

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Address: Secretary, Delbarton School,
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After glancing over numerous magazines and papers and listening to the radio—all of which makes our heads spin and causes in our minds confusion worse confounded—what a comfort it is to sit down with an old oft-read book serene in the knowledge that you may read to the end without being confronted with that inevitable disgusting chapter which makes a best seller sell?

Aren't we old fogies lucky?

ALMA M. HOLLAND

Louisville, Ky.

In Defense of Mystery Fans

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

There are times in the lives of most of us when wooing and capturing our much needed sleep becomes difficult. Such a time I encountered last night, whereupon I turned on my bed lamp and picked up the November issue of THE SIGN. Leafing through it, I came upon Mr. Fitzgerald's article, "Lament for Readers." I started to read, and sleep fled me entirely for at least two hours while I framed my reply.

You see, Mr. Fitzgerald, I happen to be a reader of mystery stories. Not the racy, sexy kind, but the cream-puff variety that induce what you are pleased to call "mental fat." Like you, Mr. Fitzgerald, I do not care for bawdy reading, regardless of plot, but the first part of your article incensed me to some degree, though I heartily concur in some of the things you said in the latter part. And that brings us to the crux of the matter.

I maintain that a book in order to be worth reading, or writing, should be one of three things, informative, meditative, or just plain relaxing. And I do not consider that one which falls into the last category a thing to be viewed with scorn.

My own individual yen in reading leans heavily toward history. When in a relaxing mood, I prefer a good historical novel. Unfortunately, I have had to curtail my reading in that direction very drastically because so few books have been published in recent years that are desirable reading. Much too often authenticity has been sacrificed to bawdy details. Here I must agree with Mr. Fitzgerald.

We come then to the meditative form of literature. Again, it is something that we cannot read to the exclusion of all other forms of lighter reading. Take, for instance, Father Farrell's *Companion to the Summa*. A truly great work in the field of religion, yet thirty minutes or so of such reading is enough for the normal mind to attempt to absorb.

Therefore, we come to reading that is not too involved or profound, yet has climax enough to hold at least a portion of the mind interested. Namely the "pastry of crime."

I do not consider my mind so terribly depraved because at times I find some relaxation in a few floating corpses and such. Nor do I fall asleep wondering and puzzling over "who done it." Usually the ending isn't too hard to guess and if it is the last page will yield the answer with very little effort on my part. Perhaps, Mr. Fitzgerald, you take your "cream puffs" too seriously. The characters are after all merely hypothetical creatures of the print-



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ed page. I think that relatively few people cast themselves in the role of murderer. It is more likely to be the hero or heroine. And in the average mystery story the really sadistic happenings are left largely to the imagination of the reader whose fertility of mind decides just how gruesome they are to be.

Usually the story follows a pattern thusly: the murder of some unfortunate character takes place, a fairly logical sequence of events follows, clues are found, and in the end the villain is apprehended, and justice finally triumphs.

The average reader is not casting about in his mind for someone among his own acquaintances who would be the most likely person to commit such a crime. Since we simply cannot conceive that someone we know could be capable of such violence, we have a tendency to keep all the characters within the book. And so they leave no lasting impression on the mind. After all, if someone is engaged in the active art of murder he will carry on his nefarious designs, mystery story or not. Besides since, according to the books, no crime goes unpunished for long, it may even serve to deter him. And that, you must admit, is a point.

Please, Mr. Fitzgerald, leave us pastry and cream puffs to munch at odd hours; at the moment they seem to be by far the cleanest type of literature on the market, which is precisely why I, and I'm sure a number of other normal people, read them.

MRS. HELEN THEISEN

Dubuque, Iowa

Remailing

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Somewhere I once read that "the surest way to preserve your faith is to share it with another."

I am herewith asking generous readers of THE SIGN to remail their copies of Catholic magazines and Catholic books to a boy in India who is librarian of a poor church and has two thousand Catholic and non-Catholic readers who frequent this reading room. He also teaches catechism to sixty children. Packages must not weigh over 4 lbs. 6 oz.

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B. O'M.

Book Reviews

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

THE SIGN has been coming to me now for the past ten years, and it is one of my favorites among Catholic periodicals. I like its editorial policy, the many fine, timely articles, and Katherine Burton's page, but the magazine is more than worth the subscription price simply because of its excellent book reviews. "Fiction in Focus" always appeals to me and is an invaluable time saver to a busy English teacher who wants to keep up with books which her students are reading but which she does not have time to read herself.

SISTER MARY FRANCES

Fort Smith, Ark.

January, 1947

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Dear Members:

Happy New Year! God's blessing be with you throughout the entire year. He who promised a reward for even a cup of cold water given in His name will not forget your kindness toward His Missionaries.

On the back cover of this month's issue of *The Sign* you will find New Year Greetings from the Passionist Missionaries and Chinese Catholics in Hunan, China. They are praying for you daily, gratefully remembering your generous charity toward them.

Are you making New Year resolutions? Here is a serious thought. You know God's work must be done. But even God's work cannot be successfully accomplished in this world without your help. You can do much to spread Christ's Passion and Cross in China.

Therefore, we ask each member of the Christmas Club for Christ to resolve to enlist two new members during the month of January. You send us the names and addresses, and we shall mail the Penny Banks. Triple the membership of our club. Let us all work together for Christ Crucified.

Sincerely yours,

Fr. Emmanuel C.P.

Dear Father: Please send me a mite box and enroll me in your Christmas Club.

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Protest Against Franco

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

"... We believe that a good deal of prudence is worth while in these matters: prudence not to deduce from the silence of the proletarian masses—bidden to strike and restricted from means of uprising—unequivocal indications of their complete contentment..." These words are quoted not from *The Daily Worker* but from *Ecclasia*, the Madrid organ of Catholic Action. They refer not to conditions in Russia but in Franco Spain.

THE SIGN has published a number of articles and letters defending Franco, but, to my knowledge, none attempting to show that he is a little less than the white savior of Christianity in Spain. This may be due more to chance than to editorial policy. But I can't help feeling badly to see THE SIGN appear to join in with those American Catholics who give Franco's government their wholehearted blessing.

There's a rather bitter controversy among Catholics today as to whether Franco is preferable to a Republican government; since a Spanish Republican government would probably have Communistic leanings or might quickly slip into out-and-out Communism, a Catholic may rightfully feel on this question as he wants. But not unless he's unusually simple-minded or dishonest—deliberately making a "white lie" in order to fight Communism—can he deny that Franco's government is an evil. Not that it has its faults, but that it's an evil in itself. It would be an evil even if there had been no complaint raised against it—for the simple reason that it's a dictatorship. Catholics must force themselves to bear this fact in mind. If they find it difficult, let them remember the time when many of them (as well as non-Catholics) thought well of the dictatorships in Italy and Germany.

But there's an aspect to Franco's dictatorship which makes it more pernicious an evil than either of the former two: it has almost wholly identified the Catholic Church with itself. As a result whatever indignation and contempt it draws upon itself (in Spain or out) automatically falls on the Bride of Christ. Let Catholics not deceive themselves: many intelligent and pure-hearted people who would wish to admire the Church, and perhaps become her children, have been deeply scandalized by this apparent union of the Church and the tyranny of a general who is regularly seen in church on Sundays.

While there are many well-meaning Catholics who look on Franco with favor, it is a mistake to assume that an acceptance of that despot is a badge of Catholicity. There is a large and distinguished company of faithful Catholics who, though they do not necessarily wish to see a leftist government in power in Spain, nevertheless consider Franco's government an evil. To mention only a few: Jacques Maritain (French ambassador to the Holy See), Jose Antonio Aguirre (President of the Basque Republic), Alfredo Mendizábal, François Mauriac, Georges Bernanos, Francis E. McMahon, Yves Simon, Paul Vignaux, Emmanuel Mounier. None of THE SIGN's readers can say that any of these men is a Communist, or has not written vigorously in support of the truth and the Church. But

this list would be incomplete without Don Luigi Sturzo, Jules Cardinal Saliège (of Toulouse, France), Bishop Sheil (of Chicago), Msgr. Beaupin (of Paris), Cardinal Vidal y Barraquer (the late Archbishop of Tarragone, Spain), Msgr. Mugica (Bishop of Vitoria, Spain—now in exile). None of these ecclesiastics is unfrocked or irregular.

JOHN-HOLMES COLEMAN

New York City

EDITOR'S NOTE: Not all dictatorship is evil in itself. For enlargement on this point, see Current Fact and Comment, page 5.

Prisoners in Spain

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I read Miss Ruth Murphy's letter in the November issue and I see in it so much good faith in her approach to the matter of political prisoners in Spain that I would like to inform her that the Spanish government, sometime in April or May last, invited those foreign governments which have diplomatic agents in Madrid to inspect at will our penitentiaries and see for themselves how prisoners are treated therein. In this connection it is worthwhile remembering that prisoners who are accused of political conspiracies in Spain are tried in open court, at which proceedings many of those diplomatic agents are usually present.

BERNARDO ROLLAND

New York City

Communist Threat

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I have been greatly astonished to read letters from your readers objecting to your splendid articles on Russia. I dare say that those who write are suffering from lack of knowledge of the Red danger to our beloved country. I am afraid that such people do not read these very timely articles, and thus through ignorance of the facts fail to see the real threat to world peace. Such articles must be printed till every American knows the real facts.

People who object to THE SIGN's articles on Communism should note the warning issued by Representative G. W. Landis in the Congressional Record Appendix of June 3: "From the evidence the committee (Un-American Activities) has received, we know that there are at least 50,000 Communist members, 500,000 Communist fellow-travelers, and 150,000 Communist underground workers in the United States. It should be remembered that an insignificant minority group in Russia, numbering 200,000 persons, gained control of the Russian Government, at a time when that country had a population of 170,000,000 people."

DON VOGEL

Dallas, Texas.

Letters should as a rule be limited to about 300 words. The Editor reserves the right of cutting. Opinions expressed herein are the writer's—not necessarily those of the Editor. Comment concerning articles or other matter appearing in the pages of the magazine is welcomed—whether for or against our viewpoint. Communications should bear the name and address of writers.

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